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IN MEMORIAM.

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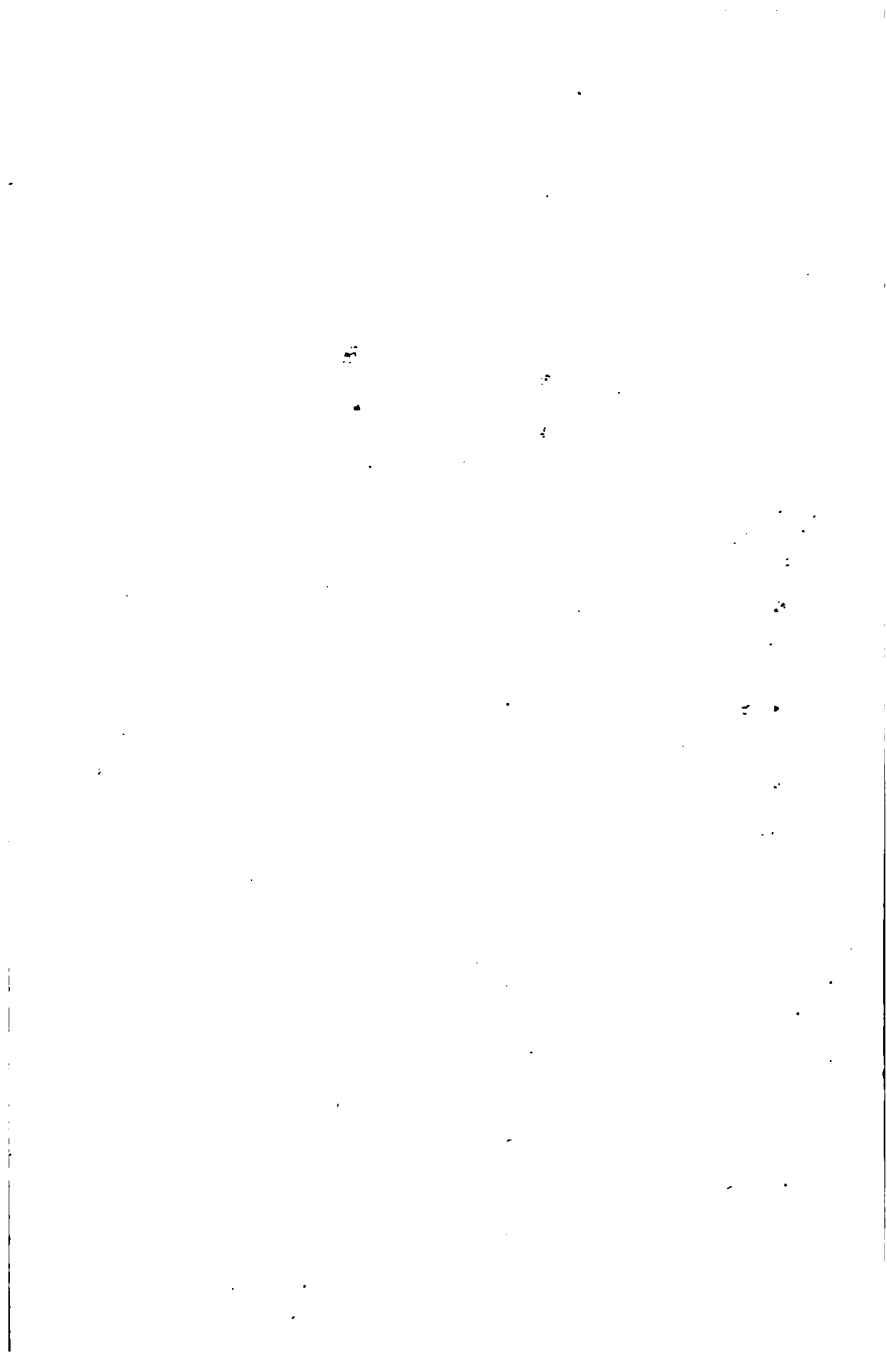
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# In Memoriam.

*Jessie*



"A TREE PLANTED BY THE WATERS."



*B. J. J.*

"I am the vine, ye are the branches, he that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit, for without Me ye can do nothing."



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1869.

*210. g 372*

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## P R E F A C E.

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It was originally intended that the following pages should appear only in the manuscript form, and be circulated among intimate Friends, but long before they were finished the request for copies became so numerous, that, to prevent disappointment, it was determined that a few should be printed for private circulation.

Many of Jessie's letters have been sent to us by kind friends, which will not be found in the collection at the end. Her graphic description of people and things might have been read with interest, but would have inconveniently increased the size of the volume. We have been principally influenced in the selections, by the numerous requests we have received, to endeavour to throw some light upon her *spiritual* history. We have kept this object in view, and it is hoped that, in various passages of her letters, many will find satisfactory answers to their inquiries.

Nothing new or wonderful will be found in this simple story of an uneventful life. Its only value is that it illustrates and confirms the truth of words which were written nearly three thousand years ago :—



“Blessed is the one that trusteth in the Lord, and whose hope the Lord is ; for he shall be as a tree planted by the waters, and that spreadeth out her roots by the river, and shall not see when heat cometh, but her leaf shall be green ; and shall not be careful in the year of drought, neither shall cease from yielding fruit.”

ARKLEY LODGE, NEAR BARNET,

*April 20th, 1869.*

## In Memoriam.

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ON January the 6th, 1846, just as gun-fire announced the hour to be six o'clock in the evening, the cry of a little infant was heard—

“A life had just begun!  
A life had just begun,  
Another soul had won,  
The glorious spark of being!”

The birth-place of this little one was a large house in the west end of Calcutta; a lady who had established herself as a loving friend—though she had been known to the mother only a few weeks—wrapped the baby in a shawl, and ran with it into an adjoining room, where the anxiously expectant father was awaiting its arrival. He took it into his arms, imprinted the first kiss on the little face, and prayed as truly as Hannah, that this new life might be devoted to the service of the Lord.

The favourite family name of Jessie was given to the little one; the parents in a foreign land feeling it to be a pleasure, in this way, to testify their remembrance of home and the father's house.

The ayah selected for the baby proved a tender and loving nurse; and when at the end of six weeks the voyage homeward was commenced, she insisted upon accompanying the ship as far as the mouth of the river.

When informed that the pilot was leaving, and that she could not remain longer, she gave way to passionate expres-

sions of grief, bemoaned, with Eastern eloquence, her unhappy fate in being separated from her "chuta baba," and left the ship with streaming eyes.

On the voyage the baby became a great favourite with the sailors. On Sunday they made themselves as clean as possible, that they might come in for a share in the nursing. The steward could always remember the baby's "meat," as he called her food, though he forgot many other things, and could find time to carry her for hours on the deck. This kind-hearted man called to see the baby two or three times after her arrival in England, and on his last visit he brought her a present of a coral and silver bells.

The future life of this little girl, passed almost entirely in her English home, presents little in the way of incident of general interest, and as this short record is intended only for those who knew her in her home and loved her, any attempt at connected narrative would be superfluous.

That He who intended from the first that she should be a chosen vessel for His own use, planned and arranged, with infinite care and love, all the events of her short and useful life, there can be no doubt—

"By the sunshine and the shade alike  
He trained her for the skies."

But we who in this life are accomplishing as hirelings our day, and doing our appointed tasks, because they are appointed for us, without a present discernment of future results; take refuge in the belief that all things are working together for good, without feeling that we are even called upon to show out of what causes this or that particular good arose. Not Jacob alone, but all God's children, in reviewing life, will have to say, "*God which fed me all my life long.*"

The disposition which particularly distinguished Jessie from her earliest years, and which made the task of training her a

remarkably easy one, was her intuitive spirit of submission. Those who had anything to do with her, can scarcely remember an instance of disobedience. She was a child very skilful in inventing plays, and, like all other inventors, much preferred seeing her own designs carried out without interference; but no one who watched her childish play will forget the cheerful "very well then" with which she consented to be superseded, or the readiness with which she would detach her skill from her own plot, and attach it to the triumphal car of a rival inventor.

This habit of mind was possibly strengthened by her early training. From the first she was accustomed to hear the Bible spoken of as a direct message from God to man. Not a book to be commented and speculated upon, to be received in part, or as a whole according as it suited the mind of the receiver, but "as it is indeed the word," the outspoken mind "of God." The question in that household was not so much what was the will of the father or mother, but what was the will of God. The Bible was searched for directions on what appeared the most trivial points, and those who have accustomed themselves so to search and enquire, can bear testimony that they seldom search in vain.

We too much overlook the fact that the first commandment is, "*Hear, O Israel.*" The commandment is really "exceeding broad," full and comprehensive, and fitted for all ages, circumstances and conditions; but for the discernment of all this, is needed the "hearing ear."

When the little ones were too young to read or guide a pencil, a text of Scripture was written out on Sunday morning in a clear text-hand; the tracing of this text was pricked with a pin by the children, and afterwards the verse was committed to memory.

In the afternoon this verse was usually made the subject of conversation, often illustrated by anecdotes and com-

parisons, and then parents and children prayed together that it might be a word hid in their hearts; that they might not sin, and a part of the council to guide them to glory.

In later years Jessie spoke of these verses as the strongest influence of her life, and as enabling her often, without a moment's hesitation, to choose the good and refuse the evil. What is termed "childish belief," means the strongest belief in life. The "words of Thy lips," firmly believed and trusted in by the child, will more effectually than anything else keep from "the paths of the destroyer." This is not with the child the result of argument or convictions—it is simply belief, and in this respect Jessie remained a child the whole of her life. One of the clergymen to whose teaching she was accustomed to listen with great pleasure, in a note written a few days after her death, speaks of his power to sympathise, from having lately passed through a similar trial, in losing an infant daughter. He adds, "Although there was such a difference in years, yet your dear child resembled mine in one thing, in the *child heart*, which never grows old; and it was doubtless of this our Saviour said, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven.'" Another minister, to whose teaching Jessie owed much, writes, "To me she was an object of very great interest; her sweet spirit, her *loving subjection* to God's holy word, her intense desire to learn the will of God in all things, and her great interest in hearing of the deeper things of God, revealed in his Word of Truth, led me to regard her as one of my very choicest young Christian friends. Amongst the many dear young people, in whose minds I have sought to implant and to maintain the seeds of truth, I have found none who have repaid me with more satisfaction and comfort as to the result. The Holy Spirit of God had wrought most blessedly in her spirit, and had produced the most precious resemblance of the features of her adored Lord and Saviour, in her inward being and in her outward life."

These united testimonies show the connection between the deeply-rooted child's belief and the tree richly laden with fruit.

One of the verses which Jessie learned when a child, and which seemed to retain its power over her in all its early freshness throughout her life, was: "He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much; and he that is unjust in the least, is unjust also in much." As late as the last year of her life she referred to the *abiding* impression this verse had made upon her mind, saying she perfectly remembered the afternoon conversation upon it, and the prayer which followed, although she could not at the time have been more than five or six years of age. The magnitude or smallness of anything committed to her charge never made the slightest difference in her sense of the degree of faithfulness required. Whether teaching a Bible-class or caring for a brood of chickens—expending her own little income or attending to larger financial matters connected with house-keeping or societies—the same exactness was always observed to the minutest detail. The principle which seemed to pervade everything was, "unto the Lord and not unto men." "To Him is nothing great, is nothing small." On her death-bed, when *all* exertion was so difficult as to be next to impossible, she remembered some trifling financial matters, the settlement of which had been prevented by her illness, she asked to see her account-book, explained what was upon her mind to her sister as clearly as the difficulty of her breathing would permit, and could only rest by the assurance that there should be an exact and immediate settlement.

The first twelve years of Jessie's life were passed in her home, happily and merrily. The sounds of music and dancing there waited for no great occasion; they might be heard daily by those "who drew nigh to the house." The extraordinary gift for music possessed by herself and her sisters, made singing and everything connected with sweet sound and

"the measured tread" a great enjoyment to them. A lady visitor once said, "Why, these children have a song for everything, grave or gay, from 'I'd be a butterfly' to the Old Hundreth. This morning early the sun was shining into my room, and I heard the little ones singing on the stairs—

"I love the merry, merry sunshine,  
It makes the heart so gay."

When we walked in the garden after breakfast there was another song, 'I'm very glad the Spring is come,' &c. If they cannot get out for the rain, they sing and dance to the tune—

"The rain is falling very fast,  
We can't get out to play;  
But we'll be happy in the house,  
Tho' 'tis a rainy day."

And now they have been singing their evening hymn so sweetly, 'an angel might have paused to listen.'"

From her earliest years the acquisition of knowledge was a great pleasure to Jessie, and anything was regretted which interrupted her lessons. The few illnesses incident to childhood passed lightly over, and her usually good health, good spirits, and remarkably clear intellect, made the task of instructing her an easy and delightful one. It was fortunate for her that during the first twelve years of her life she received much careful instruction, for about the end of that time, while on a visit to a relative, an accident occurred, which, to some extent, cast a shadow over her life, and resulted eventually, after many years of suffering, in her early death. She had run with all speed down a lawn which sloped towards the hall-door; on entering the hall, her feet slipped and she fell violently backwards on the stone floor, injuring, as it proved, permanently, some of the smaller bones connected with the spine.

The serious effects of this accident did not appear immediately, although afterwards for many years she scarcely knew what it was to be entirely free from pain. For some time she was under the care of Dr. Roth, and from his plans and suggestions, obtained a certain amount of relief; but the serious injury to her health arose from impeded circulation, and, as no treatment could restore the injured bones of the spine to their former healthful condition, very little relief was ever obtained from physicians, surgeons, medicines, or systems.

One of the effects of the fall, which quickly manifested itself, was a great change in her appearance. Her complexion, which had been unusually fair, became of a reddish hue, and her head was always hot to the touch. As years went on all this increased. The effect of so much concentration of heat in the upper part of the body was to leave the extremities exceedingly cold. In winter her hands and feet were covered with chilblains, this alone causing a great amount of suffering; even in summer she scarcely knew what it was to be comfortably warm.

"Alas! for Jessie," we used to say as winter approached, "how many suffering days are in store for her." During the last autumn, conscious as we were of the increase of her maladies, we watched the cold stealing back upon us with anxious hearts, wondering how she could possibly endure the cold of another winter in her enfeebled condition. We did not know that another heart, more loving and pitiful than ours, was yearning over her; that He had gone away to provide a place for her, and was coming again to receive her unto himself, and give her a place in his own bright home and warm and loving heart, where, in the words of the evening hymn she so often sang to us—

"There shall be no more snow,  
No weary, wandering feet."



And now as we rise, be the morning ever so cold, we smile at it, because we know our loved one is out of the reach of all that can bring sorrow or suffering or "any more pain."

For some little time after the accident she attempted to carry on her studies as before, but it became evident that connected study was more than the heated head could bear, and regular attendance at school was discontinued. Few, however, who afterwards became intimately connected with her, and discovered the remarkable intelligence of her mind, would have supposed her education to have been deficient. There are, however, many ways of learning. The little she was able to read was carefully selected, and she herself attributed much to the intelligent society to which she had access.

In one of her letters to her sister she gives a graphic description of a visit paid to Mrs. Sewell. After relating the subject of conversation, and the delightful privilege of being a listener, she adds: "Oh! I hope I shall be able to talk as nicely when I grow old—it is so refreshing to listen. I felt like an old owl when I went, but came away feeling as though my heart and mind had had a drink of cold water." Describing another visit to the same lady, she writes: "I had some pleasant visits to Mrs. Sewell while we were at Bath. It was so nice to hear her and M—— talking together. It makes them both so happy to stop for a little while in fighting the great battle against the sin and evil in the world, and just encourage one another by speaking of the Lord who has been so gracious to both of them, and who will soon come and take them to be for ever with Him; you feel while listening that their one desire is to do the work which He has given them to do here, looking for that blessed hope and the glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ."

On one occasion, when travelling to Scotland, she writes of the great pleasure she enjoyed in listening to the conversation

of two or three gentlemen who were her fellow-passengers ; she adds : " It is a pity that a treat of this kind should be so rare. I think if people remembered how much good they might do by putting right thoughts into conversation, they would make a greater effort to rise above the low level of mere common-place observations. For myself, I can say I shall never forget some of the nice sensible things said by my companions, and I thanked them in my mind over and over again."

Every Friday morning during the time that the family resided in London, it was the custom in Jessie's home to assemble at the breakfast table a few of the missionaries and schoolmasters who were busy at work in the surrounding districts. The conversation and prayers of these devoted men made a great impression upon Jessie's mind ; she used to say, " The thought of the intense earnestness and stern reality of such lives makes me ashamed of frivolity and self-indulgence." And again, " I used to think a good deal at first of their difficulties and trials, and that their lives must be particularly hard. I feel still that they need much sympathy and help ; but after all, it is a noble thing to spend life in fighting with *real* difficulties rather than being overcome, as so many are, by imaginary ones. I often hear people talk of their efforts to keep down morbid and melancholy feelings. These earnest workers cannot be much troubled in this way ; they are like *real* soldiers, standing in the front of the battle, so bent upon keeping back the foe, that their only thought and cry is for strength to conquer." And again, " How God must love these true men—these servants of the kingdom, fighting their Master's battles. How much they might feel the dignity of their position, that the eye of their Captain is ever upon them : the thought ' ye have done it unto me ' must often give them fresh life and courage."

The following is an extract from a letter received a few

days after Jessie's death, from one of those honoured Friday morning guests :—" I feel that one of God's most faithful servants has been removed from the earth, and that there is less love now in this selfish world than before she passed away from it. I cannot tell you how much she used to help me every time I saw her, by the quiet earnest way in which she would speak of Christ and his truth. To her He was a present living reality, and this made her life a reality. When I think of all this, of all she used to say and do, and of all she helped others to say and do, I feel—selfishly—that she might have been spared to us ; but by the remembrance of her unselfishness I am checked, and constrained to say, for her to be with Christ is far better."

During the last year or two of her life, the natural craving she felt so strongly for mental companionship, as well as the desire for the kind of help which comes from association with superior minds, found its rest in the *One* who can alone satisfy every longing desire of this great craving, hungry human heart. Having accepted Christ as her Saviour, she delighted in contemplating Him as the Great Creator of all things, and spoke much of his wonderful works. One morning last spring, after a damp warm night, we were walking in the garden expressing our wonder and admiration at what had been the work of a single night. She said, " It seems as if ten thousand magic fingers had been at work while we have slept, and each one has done its work perfectly." After a pause, she said, " I cannot help thinking what a grand thing it is to be related to all this skill. I have felt quite exulting this morning to think it is my 'brother,' my 'friend,' who is putting forth all this marvellous power and beauty. I have always felt rather ambitious to have clever friends and connections. I think I might be satisfied. I see something of the meaning of that great thought in Colossians, 'For it pleased the Father that in *Him* should *all* fulness dwell.' "

One of the greatest disappointments to her, arising from her state of health, was, that she was obliged to give up playing any musical instrument excepting the piano. The *genius* for music was one of heaven's richest gifts to her—she delighted in the full and varied tones of the harp and organ. These instruments yielded to her touch the richest music—those who heard her would say there must be music in her fingers; but the pain in her back was so increased by playing on either instrument that they had to be given up. She had a natural facility for viewing everything in its brightest aspect, and notwithstanding her inability to give outward expression to "the music which dwelt in her soul," she always spoke most thankfully of God's goodness to her in giving her this sweet gift; she would say, "No one can tell what enjoyment I have had in listening to the sweet sounds in nature—what harmonies I have discovered in listening to the singing of birds, the rustling of the leaves on the trees, the hum of insects on a midsummer day. If I had been able to be always producing harmonious sounds myself I might have thought much of my own skill, and have had less time and less inclination to listen to, and learn and admire the music of God's great universe."

Robert Hall writes, "There are probably faculties in the soul which are here either not apparent at all, or are very imperfectly developed." Jessie added to this, prompted by her own experience, "How many too *kept down* by bodily infirmity, but only kept down, not destroyed. The germ placed there by the hand of God will be kept uninjured for a future and glorious development." The following passage from Stanford's "Symbols of Christ" gave her much pleasure:—

"Even the best known and most wakeful of our natural powers are now comparatively dormant, and will not fully waken till we die. Besides these known powers, it is

tionate nurse, excusing herself for what sometimes appeared to others as unnecessary trouble, by saying, "I shall never have the chance of waiting upon any one like Miss Jessie again." Letters have been received from other servants who had left the family, requesting some memento—a lock of hair, a photograph, or something that once belonged to one they so truly loved and respected.

We who daily enjoyed the comfort of these ministrations, and hoped then, and for years afterwards, that time would remove the hindrance to the full enjoyment of health, thought of future and declining years, and said, "This same shall comfort us." But though the dear hands which ministered to us are powerless in the grave, and the sweet voice, which in tired and weary hours spoke to us so cheerily, we shall hear no more on earth, yet every thought of our loved one is comfort.

"He doeth all things well,  
We say it now with tears;  
But we shall sing it with those we love  
Through bright eternal years."

Many have said to us, "We should like to know something of the history of Jessie's spiritual life. At what age did that entire consecration of heart and life to the service of God take place, which so marked the later years of her life?"

It is said of Luther that "he fought hard for every inch of spiritual ground upon which he obtained a standing." It is said of Milan that "he woke up to the reception of spiritual light and truth as a child is awakened to the morning light by its mother's kiss."

God shows himself to be a *sovereign* in the endless variety of ways in which it pleases Him to open the minds of his people to the reception of his appointed way of salvation. Not Paul only, but all who pass from darkness to light, have to say, "when it *pleased* God to reveal his Son in me."

Natural disposition and temperament have assuredly much to do, both with the reception and the manifestation of spiritual life. We have before remarked that one of the most marked features in Jessie's character was the entire absence of every attempt or desire to oppose, or cavil at, either the laws of God or man. No one who knew her will be surprised to find the following copied into her extract book:—

“Olive was in great perplexity about the origin of sin and other puzzles, and she told her father. He spread out an astronomical map, and told her to explain it to him.

“‘You do not understand it!’ he said, as if he were surprised.

“‘Father,’ said she, ‘a little child like me!’

“‘And yet this is only a drawing of a little corner of the world, Olive. The whole universe is a good deal harder to understand than this.’

“‘Father,’ said she, ‘indeed I never thought I could understand these things, at least not yet; I only thought you might, or some wise people somewhere.’

“‘Olive,’ said he, in a low voice, tender and reverent, stroking her head while he spoke, ‘before the great mysteries you have fallen on, I can only wonder and wait, and say, Father, a little child like me!’”

The great obstacle to the reception of the Gospel is the opposition which the natural mind sets up against it—“it is *foolishness* unto him,” or if not that exactly, “Will not some river of Damascus cleanse my leprosy as well as the appointed waters of Israel?” Jessie often heard it was “foolishness” to trust implicitly for salvation in a crucified Saviour. “It is written,” was her simple answer, and in that she rested. She could not tell herself when she began to love and trust her Saviour; but she did not hesitate to ascribe “growth in grace” to the habitual study of the Scriptures. She began very early by learning isolated texts from

the word of God, then she read it, then studied it, and then it became "her song in the house of her pilgrimage." She always spoke with much gratitude of the benefit she had received from Mrs. Pennefather's Bible-classes. Alluding to it in her last illness, she said, "It is not the quantity of teaching I received from her, as my opportunities of attending her classes have been few, but I learned from her the way to study the Bible for myself. I should like her to know how much she has helped me. Do thank her, and Mr. Offord also; they both helped me so much."

The following observations upon the 9th chapter of Daniel are copied from her extract book :—

"Daniel read the Word with such a submissive spirit. He did not study it in order to question, but in order to obey, and so wisdom was given him to understand exactly how God would deal with his people. And no doubt, in the latter times spoken of in this book, there will be those who, from searching into the Word, as Daniel did, will understand the time of the end. He had probably read the passage in Jeremiah xxix. 13, 14, and he now sought to obtain its fulfilment. We shall never be able to understand the deep things of God until we do as Daniel did. 'And I set my face unto the Lord God, to seek by prayer and supplication, with fasting and sackcloth and ashes.'"

The parable of the wedding garment was the subject of conversation one evening amongst some friends who feared the Lord, and spoke often one to another. The following observations interested Jessie very much :—

"What a motley group there must have been at that supper from the highways, byways, lanes, and hedges—every shade between good and bad; and the only one 'cast out' of all that number—the only one, whatever his previous life might have been, unfit to remain in the presence of the King, was the man who refused to *put on* the robe provided for him

without, on his part, either money or toil. I have often heard preachers dwell much upon the fact, that at the flood there was only one ark in which people could be saved. This parable seems to teach that there is only one way to be lost—those *only* are excluded from heaven who refuse the offered garment.”

Robertson, preaching from the text, “And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit,” makes the following observations: “To this danger (craving for excitement) our own age is peculiarly exposed. In the earlier and simpler ages, the need of keen feeling finds a natural and safe outlet in compulsory exertion. For instance, in the excitement of real warfare, and in the necessity of providing the sustenance of life, warlike habits and healthy labour stimulate, without exhausting, life. But in proportion as civilisation advances, a large class of the community are exempted from the necessity of these, and throws upon a life of leisure. Then it is that artificial life begins, and artificial expedients become necessary, to sharpen the feelings amongst the monotony of existence: every amusement, and all literature, become more pungent in their character; life is no longer a thing proceeding from powers *within*, but sustained by new impulses from without.

“The apostle’s remedy for this artificial feeling is, ‘speaking to one another in psalms and hymns and spiritual song.’

“Strange remedy! Occupation fit for children, too simple far for men; as astonishing as the remedy prescribed by the prophet to Naaman, to wash in simple water and be clean; yet therein lies a very important truth. In ancient medical phraseology, herbs possessed of healing natures were called simples; in God’s laboratory, all things that heal are simple, all natural enjoyments, all the deepest, are simple too. At night man fills his banquet hall with the glare of splendour, which fevers as well as fires the heart; and at the very same



hour, as if by intended contrast, the quiet stars of God steal forth, shedding, together with the deepest feeling, the profoundest sense of calm. One from whose knowledge of the sources of natural feeling there lies almost no appeal, has said that to him—

“ ‘The meanest flower that blows can give  
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.’ ”

The “craving for excitement,” which the same writer has called “life’s great misfortune,” was a misfortune from which Jessie was entirely exempt. All home occupations and interests were delightful to her. “It is so nice,” she used to say, “to get up in the morning with the thought of spending the day with those you love best in the world, of its being your delightful duty to do many things for them, and be paid for all you do with the precious coin of love. What a happy invention families seem to me to be! it is just like a God of love to plan things in this way.”

She was a very early riser, so early, that we often expostulated with her upon using too freely her small amount of strength, but she excused herself by saying that it always seemed to her as if she could not get all the supplies of strength and wisdom she needed for the day, without applying for them early.

“But are you not very cold sometimes, Jessie?”

“Oh yes! I dare say I am, but in these quiet, early hours, I seem to get so near to God, and He comes so near to me, that I am more happy than I can tell; it is so much to get, and so little to bear.”

Before leaving our rooms in the morning, her sweet voice was often heard craving admittance, that she might present us with some early-gathered flowers from the garden. At breakfast time we were often told of fresh plants and flowers that had made their appearance, which we must not fail to

inspect as soon as possible ; she would speak of these new and beautiful gifts with something like an air of triumph, as much as to say, " See how we are cared for and thought of ; how much more than daily bread is provided for us ; whilst we sleep, the eye which never slumbers or sleeps, is designing the most exquisite beauty and loveliness, as a glad surprise for us when we wake.

" ' All things bright and beautiful,  
All creatures great and small,  
All things wise and wonderful,  
The Lord God made them all. '

And all for us, ' If God *so* clothe the grass of the field, ' ' &c.

But with all Jessie's great love to her home life, she by no means limited her sympathies to the home circle ; she felt a real pleasure and interest in meeting and conversing with relatives and friends, and often spoke with gratitude of God's great goodness to herself and family, in making them so rich in friends ; she had, however, an abiding and unconquerable dislike to the common mode of English visiting, especially that known by the name of " going out to tea." This dislike arose partly from the uncomfortable condition of her health ; the least change of diet distressingly increased the heat of her head, and of a thinner dress she would say, " I shiver in, rather than live in it ;" partly from her great appreciation of the value of time, always persisting that she wanted the evening for something else. An invitation which it was thought desirable to accept, was ungraciously received.

" Oh !" she would say, " what a pity to have all the trouble of dressing, and probably come out a fright after all, and then to have to be for hours not knowing exactly what to say or do, trying in vain to get interested, and angry with one's self for the excessive unamiability of not doing so, the time passing provokingly slowly, when all the time we might be so supremely happy at home."

But when it became evident that the invitation had come to join "the general assembly and church of the first-born which are written in heaven," when she heard the voice for which she had long listened—"The Master is come and calleth for thee," she arose quickly. The dress qualifying her for the presence of royalty had neither to be bought or made, not even to be put on; she had worn it for years and rejoiced in it, as fitting, graceful, ample, a fashion that needed no change; and trusting in that robe for acceptance, she went without fear into the presence of the King.

"So then I took the garment,  
Of linen pure and white,  
And knew that He could make me  
All glorious in his sight.  
With trembling hands I clasped it  
Close, with the cross He sent,  
Then gazing on his beauty,  
Up the hill-side I went."

Ah, yes! the invitation was royal, the dress was royal, but the cross had to be borne on the way to the crown. The road to glory was to be entered by the gate of suffering. "Let my will not thine be done," said the first Adam; and the paradise became a desert. "Not my will, but thine be done," said the second Adam, and the desert became a paradise, and in Gethsemane the gate of heaven was opened. But oh! the suffering of Gethsemane!

An aged prisoner sits in his cell; he had not only borne the burden and heat of the day, as most travellers must, but in his zeal for the Master he had served he had "suffered the loss of all things;" he is expecting every day to have to appear before the bar of a tyrant, so fierce, that he speaks of a former escape from him as being "delivered from the mouth of the lion." He has nothing to hope from him now, but everything to fear. His emaciated body, the deep lines in

his face, all tell of suffering, privation, hunger, cold, and on his back you see the scars of many stripes laid on by the relentless hand of the Roman soldier; he looks like a wreck, *all that the eye can see* is so sad, so dismal, so melancholy! He cannot even write himself, but he is dictating something to an amanuensis. What melancholy words they must be! what disappointment for a self-sacrificing life to end thus! how dark, how mysterious it all is!

Let us look at the last sentence written.

"I have fought a good fight." What! *good* when the fight has been so fierce, that he had even been left for dead on the field?

"I have kept the faith." What! faith in a master who is rewarding him thus?

"Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, will give me at that day." Ah! you are living upon your bright prospects; but between this and the crown you speak of, you have to cross the dark river of death; darker to you than to most, for you will probably die by the hand of the executioners. You seem to have forgotten this dismal thing, death.

"No, no! I know in whom I have believed. I have kept firm hold of his hand through the rough road of life, and if death is to be the roughest and the most difficult of all, I shall take the firmer grasp of the hand which is able to keep all I have committed to Him. I have heard his voice saying, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee. I know the water and the fire are there, and I must pass through them; but I have His word for it that I shall win through, for He is going with me himself. 'And the Lord shall deliver me from every evil work, and will

preserve me unto his heavenly kingdom, to whom be glory for ever and ever.' "

A company of working men had gathered round their teacher one Sabbath afternoon ; they were telling her of the happy and peaceful death of one of their comrades. One of the principal narrators said he had no fear of death ; the Bible spoke of it as a sleep, called it a shadow, and appealed to the teacher, if it were not unnecessary to fear a *shadow*. " It seems so," said their friend, " but if I saw the shadow of a lion, I should think the lion must be very near, and I should like to know for certain that he was chained."

No one spoke for a minute or two ; the teacher was thinking that she might have had more sympathy with the trust and confidence expressed by her companion ; she felt the difficulty, and especially the sadness, of the subject, and did not know what to say next.

One of the class had been turning 'over the leaves of his Bible, and presently read aloud, " Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder ; the young lion and the adder shalt thou trample under feet." " That is it," said the first speaker, " there is one that has fought with the lion, and has conquered him." The teacher and the taught sat together at the feet of the Word, and learnt of the conqueror of death, that He had not done it by one stroke of his powerful arm, but by " tasting death for every man."

During Jessie's illness a Journal was kept by the sister who was most constantly with her. She is the principal narrator of the closing scenes. Literal extracts from her Journal are distinguished by inverted commas.

During the autumn of 1867 Jessie's health became more and more a cause of anxiety. The heat in her head was so distressing, that she was advised to give up all mental exertion ; but, at her earnest wish, she was allowed to continue her Bible Classes ; she urging that they interested her mind,

and prevented her dwelling too much on her own uncomfortable sensations, and also that her head seemed equally inclined to be hot whether at work or at rest. Her life was full of activity; a great part of her time was spent in the open air, and she was able to take long walks and rides without suffering much fatigue. Still the oppression in her head increased rather than diminished, and, except in the early morning, she could not take food without suffering from it. He who tempers the wind to the shorn lamb, and who appointed her cross, gave with it a naturally cheerful spirit and unusual fortitude. She was seldom apparently depressed, even when suffering most severely, indeed her head and heart were so constantly full of thoughts for others that she seemed scarcely to have time to remember herself. She used sometimes to lament that she could not enjoy reading her Bible in the afternoon, and at one time was inclined to upbraid herself on this account; but after awhile she learnt that the mental as well as physical oppression from which she suffered, was not a sin, but her daily cross which God gave her daily strength to bear.

About the middle of May she went to pay some long promised visits to Scotland; it was hoped that change of air and scene might do her good. The hope was not fulfilled. She suffered severely whilst there, and returned home looking so ill as to cause much anxiety to all who loved her. She went to a physician in London, who did not hide the serious nature of her symptoms; she, however, obtained some slight relief from his prescriptions, and hope grew stronger. Then followed some happy months. The weather was warm and bright, and Jessie revelled in the sunshine, in the beauty of all natural things, and above all in its being her occupation to help and care for those she loved. She used sometimes to say, "I wonder if we are having our best days now, I cannot think of anything happier than our life now is." It

was impossible to look upon her rapid growth in grace, her perfect unselfishness, and the nearness of her walk with God, without thinking this might not last long. God was fitting her for himself.

About the middle of October, Jessie had a severe attack of spasms in the chest. Dr. Madden was sent for, and his medicines gave temporary relief.

In a letter to a dear friend in Scotland, dated November 2nd, she thus speaks of her illness:—

“Do not imagine there is much the matter with me. I have had to suffer a good deal of pain, and the doctor says I must still just be patient; but I have not been at all seriously ill, and I am so much better already that I am hoping to be quite strong soon. I am to go to Southampton in a day or two to spend a few weeks with my uncle and aunt there, and then I hope to come back quite well, and set to work again in good earnest.

“I used often to think of you during the days I had to stay in bed. I know that our Heavenly Father has seen it good to give you many days of pain and weariness, and that you have indeed need of patience. Oh! I do pray, dear J., that Jesus himself will keep very, very close to you, and that you may be able to feel that you can serve Him just as truly by bearing what He has given you to bear, as by working actively for Him. I have often thought lately of that piece you once showed me about being made willing to be useless; as far as active life is concerned, if it is God’s will that it should be so. And indeed I found my illness a happy time in many ways, for though it was sad to find my heart so continually occupied with sinful, foolish thoughts, yet when I was able to turn my mind to Jesus, it was very sweet—that verse often helped me, ‘Underneath are the everlasting arms.’ I used to find it a good plan to take one verse for each day, and try and keep it in my mind. When you are not strong,

it is difficult to read a whole chapter. And then I had so many answers to prayer: J. had not been getting on well with her Sunday-school class, and W. had been feeling anxious about the children's services, which he had to take, but the Sunday I was ill they got on beautifully, and it seemed so nice to get an answer just then."

In about three weeks Jessie was able to go for a short visit to her uncle who lived near Southampton. She was warmly attached to her uncle, and as there was a prospect of his remaining in England for a short time only, she was desirous of enjoying as much of his loved society as possible. It was also hoped that the milder climate of Hampshire would do her good. At first this certainly seemed to be the case; she set to work at once to teach the children, took long walks, and reported to us at home that even the dreaded process of eating was less painful than it had been. In two or three weeks, however, the old pain and oppression came back severely; she had a slight cough, and one evening, after suffering more than usual from oppression and headache during the day, she had a severe fit of coughing, and coughed up a little blood. The following day, cough and hemorrhage returned again. Mother went to her at once, and after nursing her there about a week, Jessie rallied sufficiently to be able to return home. She seemed to revive a little with the joy of being once more in that beloved place. On the Sunday after her return—the last Sunday we ever had dear Jessie with us down stairs—it rained so much that no one could get out in the evening to church. Mother read to us from Bickersteth's book, "Yesterday, To-day, and For ever," the description of the soul leaving the body, and its reception in the unseen world. The writer imagines the spirit to be in the charge of an angel, who conveys it from one scene to another; after awhile, a short interview with Jesus is described; and then they pass to other scenes.



Jessie, as our dear invalid, sat in the arm-chair by the fire. We did not think how soon she was to *know* all about what we, down here, are blindly groping and guessing at. When she went upstairs, mother and Jessie sat by the fire in her room, talking about it. She told mother how greatly she had enjoyed the exquisite beauty of the poetry; but she hoped heaven would not be like that, as she had imagined it better than any words could describe. She added, "My idea about death, is going direct to Jesus. 'Into Thy hands I commend my spirit'; and being always with *Him*. 'For ever with the Lord'—I don't like the idea of only occasionally meeting with *Him*."

For quite a week she was able to leave her bed every day, and even crept about the house a little, though suffering severely from a feeling of oppression in the chest. On Tuesday some of us went out for the evening, but mother and father were with her. In her old way she tried to amuse them, and played for half an hour on the piano. Mother says she never heard anything equal to the exquisite beauty, the feeling, she threw into her music that evening; it seemed like something from a purer and holier world,\* and it was impossible to listen without tears. Soon after, an attack of hemorrhage came on, and she passed a restless night; she, however, sat up the next day, and the next, but on Thursday night the hemorrhage was much worse than before, and she never rose from her bed again.

Then came seven weeks of suffering; such suffering! it seemed as if the heated furnace never relaxed; and seven weeks is a long time to bear almost unmitigated suffering.

With a pulse varying from 140 to 160, it was necessary to avoid everything which could cause the least excitement. She could seldom bear even to hear me repeat a hymn; and the sound of music, which she had so loved from her babyhood, was now unbearable. She seldom slept until after four o'clock

in the morning, and until the last ten days of her illness she slept very little during the day, yet throughout the seven long weeks her patience never failed. The words of an old divine were realised: "God laid one hand *upon* her, but He kept the other under her."

"On Dr. Madden's second visit, he told us that disease had already attacked one lung. That evening I was alone with Jessie for a few minutes, and she signed that she wished to speak to me. (All the time that she was confined to her bed she spoke only in feeble, broken whispers.) I bent down to her and she whispered, "I don't think I can live much longer like this."

"Why do you think so?" I asked.

"Because I don't feel like it," she replied.

"I have thought of that too," I said, "and I have said, God's will be 'done.'"

"I think I have too," she said.

Then I said how happy she would be. She looked up, with a heavenly smile, and said, "Oh, I should!" I said how sweet it was to trust all to our Father's hand. She said, "Yes, I couldn't pray to get well—at least, scarcely ever."

I left her for the night, mother was with her. About half-past four, I was wakened by the sound of her cough; I ran across to help mother. The fit was severe; the cough so violent I could scarcely hold her. She gasped out, "Oh! it hurts so dreadfully." I thought, This is a proof of her own words, that it can't last much longer. God grant that it may not.

After the cough was over, and I had gone away, she told mother she knew she could not get better. Mother asked her if that troubled her. "Only to part with you all," she said."

At the end of ten days the doctor told us that the disease

was progressing with fearful rapidity—one lung had filled already, and recovery was all but hopeless. When he came down stairs, he said: “I have never seen anything so beautiful as the calmness and quietness of that face. The night-fever is stealing over her—the pulse at 150—altogether she is in a condition we are accustomed to connect with the greatest amount of restlessness; it is a wonderful instance of how the spirit can control the body.”

“After the doctor was gone, I went to her and told her the truth: she smiled, and said, ‘I thought so.’” She was very hot and feverish. While I sponged her face with warm water, she gave me one or two messages, and then said, “I want you to pray that God will help me at the end, because I have always dreaded the struggle then.” I said, “But God can make it quite easy for you.” She smiled, and said, “Yes.”

“The next day she seemed a little relieved, and was able to speak to us more than on any other day throughout her illness. Mother was speaking about some of her former work, and said, “I am sometimes troubled at the thought that I may have allowed you to undertake work beyond your strength.” Jessie said, “I do not know how I could possibly have had a happier life than I have had; my work was always so interesting to me.” After remaining quiet some minutes she said, “Since I have been lying here I have thought so much about what you and father have taught me; I have remembered many things which you must have forgotten. I seem, now I am dying, to know the worth of things; you have taught me the way to heaven, and I shall bless you for ever and ever.”

J. said to her, “Oh, Jessie, we shall always think of you when we say at church, ‘With angels, and archangels, and all the company of heaven.’”

“Yes,” she said, “and also when you sing, ‘For ever to behold Him shine.’”

"Whilst L. was feeding her, and she was as usual taking her food with difficulty, she said, "It has seemed difficult for a long time past to find the right food for me; but the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne will soon feed me, and He will know just what is right."

"When I sat with her after tea, the cough was troublesome, and the breathing very difficult. Suddenly she said, "I think every one must think me so much better than I am." Thinking she meant physically better, I began to explain that we did not think so. "Oh! I don't mean that," she said; "I mean every one must think me much more good than I am." After a pause she said, "I do so want to love Jesus more: I have had some such happy times; last night I was *so happy*, and to-night I seem dried up." I reminded her that as long as she wore her poor feeble body, a time of brightness was almost sure to be followed by reaction, and I said she would soon be able to love Him as much as her heart could wish.

"Yes," she said; "but when F. was here, he said something about my having unclouded joy."

"And you felt there were clouds," I said.

"And afraid of going away," she whispered.

"You are afraid of going away and leaving us all?"

"Yes."

"We shall meet you there very, very soon," I said. "It will seem like no time to you, though it may seem a long time to us."

Presently she said, "I think I must be God's child, I have had great happiness in Him."

I said I was sure of it, and reminded her of "Him that cometh unto me I will in nowise cast out;" and also how many, many prayers of hers He had answered.

"But I don't like people to talk of my having cloudless joy," she said; adding presently, "I wonder if it is part of the cross for me not to be able always to feel Him."

I said I thought it was, but that no doubt sin and Satan had something to do with it; still, that God could conquer both, and we must pray that He would, and she would soon be free from both for ever. I repeated,—

“A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall;  
Be Thou my strength, my righteousness,  
My Jesus and my all.”

Jessie said, “I do like those lines so much.” After awhile she said, “But I do so want to feel my whole heart full of love to Jesus; I do so want to love Him more.” After another pause: “I don’t think He would have let me have such great happiness as I have had in Him if——.” The labouring breath prevented her finishing her sentence. I went on,—“if He did not really love you. Don’t you remember,

“‘But Jesus has loved me,  
I cannot tell why;  
But this I do find,  
We two are so joined,  
He’ll not live in glory  
And leave me behind.’”

We were much comforted throughout our long and bitter trial by the loving sympathy and prayers of many of our dear friends and relatives. The letters which came daily often helped us over the weary hours of our long watches. We liked to read passages of them to Jessie. She was often not able to make any response, but we could see, by the brightening up of her face, how much pleasure it gave her to be so lovingly remembered; and when she could gather up a little strength for a few whispered words, it was often to give us loving messages to friends she prized so highly. The following lines were sent us in a letter from one of our dear aunts at Bath; they were a great comfort to me:—

“TERESA.—Oh, Eugene!

What will this dim world be to me, Eugene!  
When wanting thy bright soul, the life of all—  
My only sunshine! How can I bear on?  
How can we part? we that have loved so well;  
With clasping spirits linked so long by grief,  
By tears, by prayer?

EUGENE.—Even therefore we can part,  
With an immortal trust that such high love  
Is not of things to perish.”\*

In another letter from our aunt, she writes, “It is indeed a most wonderful instance of the power of religious trust, that so sudden a summons to the unseen world should have no power to agitate, and it will work strongly on the minds of many who survive her.

“I think we are sometimes apt to mistake the clearness of the sky—life’s sky or the literal sky—and the steadiness of the pulse for religious calm; but there can be no mistake indeed here,—‘So He giveth his beloved sleep.’ All the bodily restlessness and pain seem only like the trials which the mother inflicts upon her weary infant, in undressing and preparing it for rest.”

“*January 3rd, Sunday.*—This evening I sat with Jessie. After a long quiet time, I asked her if I should repeat to her a verse of a hymn. She said, ‘Yes.’ I repeated—

“‘Jesu, lover of my soul.’

Presently she said, ‘I want you to pray that my mind may be kept right. I am so afraid of getting stupid or something.’ I said I would pray that she might be fully conscious when awake, but that it might be a merciful relief if she were more frequently in a kind of sleep. She said, “Yes, I should like that.’ I asked her if she thought she should

\* Mrs. Hemans.

get well (the doctors had said there was still a possibility of recovery). She said, 'she thought she should not.' 'Would you like to get well?' I asked. 'Yes; but I hardly think I can.' After a silence, she asked, 'Is it wrong to wish to get well?' I said, I thought not; love of life was a healthy instinct of our nature. 'It must be much better to be with Jesus,' Jessie said.

" 'To depart and be with Christ, which is far better,' I replied. 'I think,' she said, 'it is very likely that is the reason why I am having this long suffering time, that I may be weaned from life.'

" 'Yes,' I said, 'and then we are told that the Captain of our salvation was made perfect through suffering, and perhaps we have to be made perfect in the same way.'

" 'I must just try to leave it all with Him,' she whispered.

"After a long silence, Jessie continued, 'The May Queen keeps running in my head' (how often and how sweetly she has sung it). 'Does it?' I answered; 'It has been constantly in mine too since you have been ill; and when I sit up with you at night, I keep thinking—

" 'All night I lay awake, mother,  
But I fall asleep at morn.'

She smiled quite brightly, and said, 'That is just what I think too.' I repeated the last verse of the third part—

" 'For ever and for ever, all in a blessed home,  
And there to wait a little while, till you and Effie come;  
To lie within the light of God, as I lie upon your breast,  
Where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.' "

"On Monday, Dr. Madden came by the 3.5 train. He says Jessie's right lung is useless, and she may sink rapidly.

"Mother was alone with Jessie for some time after the doctor left. Jessie told her that she thought all the suffering was needed to make her loose her hold of life; that she had not

known how hard it would be to leave such a home of love ; and then she spoke of the tender love and care every one had shown in nursing her, and said how sorry she was she could not *say* to all about her how much she loved and thanked them. Mother said, whatever our earthly homes might be, we could not shut pain and sorrow out of them. 'Nor sin,' Jessie whispered; 'there will be no sin where I am going.'

"*January 6th.*—Jessie's birthday. She is twenty-three to-day. She had a most lovely bouquet of flowers for a birthday present; she was delighted with them, and said they would help her through the day. She needed help indeed. All the morning her breathing was sorely oppressed. About twelve o'clock a mortal struggle began; for a time it seemed as if each labouring gasp must be the last, and for hours the struggle for breath was very terrible; soon after ten o'clock, however, she fell asleep, and slept more quietly than usual."

The next few days were full of acute suffering; yet she never murmured. Only once, when I told her the doctors were to have a consultation, she said, "I do hope they will be able to think of something, for I am so very weary."

Once, when asked if the pain was better, she was silent a moment, as if she did not like to pain us by saying, "No:" then she looked up with a lovely smile and said, "It's my Father." Wearisome days indeed were appointed for her; very few words were spoken for many days; every power seemed gathered up for endurance. Notwithstanding the ever consuming fever, she could swallow only a teaspoonful of liquid at a time, and that with difficulty; she suffered greatly, therefore, from thirst. Sometimes she whispered, "I do like water," or "I always think of the living water."

"*January 24th.*—Jessie was able to say a few words to mother to-day; she told her that her great comfort was, 'Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' 'I



am so weak that I cannot feel anything, but I know that I have come.' Her words were made out with difficulty. She said she hoped she should be still permitted, after she was gone, to do something for us, as she felt every day she loved us more and more.

"J. was reading out of the large printed Psalm-book this evening. Jessie asked what she was reading. J. told her, and held up the book so that she could see. Jessie lay with her eyes fixed on the page; long enough to read the 23rd Psalm, and then turned her head away. Another time, when she saw J. reading the Bible, she said, 'I hope we shall have Bibles in heaven.' Next morning she asked me to find a passage in the Bible for her. As I did so, she said, 'I wonder if we shall have Bibles in heaven. It does not seem to me as if I could live anywhere without one.' She asked me to find Hebrews 1st; and pointed to verse 14, and asked what that meant. I said I supposed it meant the ministry of the angels. 'I thought so too,' she said, in a tone of disappointment. I said I thought there was a verse somewhere about the ministry of the saints. I found, 'Thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things,' and said, 'Does it not seem as though you would have work to do in heaven, and perhaps God will let you do something for us?' "

Her ministry to those about her continued to the end. Often, when we bent down and made out with difficulty her whispered words, we found she wished that some one should have a cup of tea, or put on a shawl, or get a book for the nurse, that she might be the less tired of watching so many hours, &c. Indeed we were always careful to appear as comfortable as possible, as we knew that nothing would add so much to her distress as to think that we were unnecessarily suffering.

"*January 28th.*—The doctor said yesterday, that she might

still linger some little time, or it might be over in a few hours. I told Jessie this when she asked me, and said, 'It will be hard for you to be kept waiting long.' She made no answer for a minute, and then said, 'It must be all right in the end.'"

*Written after all was over.*

After the little talk I had with Jessie, she was very quiet for some time, and seemed easier, but it was evidently most painful to her to swallow. Just before dinner I looked into her room; nurse and J. were raising her on her pillows. Oh! how plainly I could see that the hand of death was upon her. Afterwards she was making weary, restless efforts to move. "Are you in pain, Jessie?" I asked. "So breathless," she said. Presently she said, "This must be dying." I said, "I will fear no evil, for thou art with me." She shut her tired eyes, always her token that her heart rested in what had been said. As mother entered the room, Jessie said, "Oh, mother! I must be dying; it will be such a change."

Mother sat down by her bedside. We could do nothing more for our beloved one, but watch. We had none of us "passed that way heretofore." We knew that only One could go with her through the dark valley, and she said He was there. He had "passed that way heretofore."

It was a lovely afternoon; the window was thrown wide open to admit all the air possible; the sun shone brightly into the room, lighting up with an exquisite beauty the vase of snowdrops and *lignum vitæ*, which stood on the table. A lily of the valley, resting in its green leaf, lay on a pillow before her. We observed her eyes often resting lovingly on the flowers. To us, their pensive beauty seemed strangely to harmonise with our own sorrow. Mother's thoughts were in the words of the verse—

"Oh! change, oh! wondrous change,  
 Burst are the prison bars;  
 This moment *there*, so low,  
 So agonised, and now  
 Beyond the stars!"

Not that she, or any of us, could that afternoon realise much of "Beyond the stars." All that day and night it was "so low," "so agonised," but joy came in the morning, "and the Egyptians whom ye have seen to-day, ye shall see them no more for ever."

Nurse did not seem to think that the end was so near. Jessie slept a little, or appeared to do so, at the beginning of the night. About one o'clock she became exceedingly faint, and said to the nurse, "Am I dying?" From half-past four to half-past five o'clock every breath seemed agony; at last the breathing became quieter. "Oh! Jesus," she said, "the hairs—all—numbered." Her head sank lower and lower, and she murmured, "Oh! it's nice to go to Jesus." We were all standing round her bed, "Where's mother, where's mother?" she said. Mother kissed her that she might *feel* she was there, for her eyes had closed for ever upon earth. She seemed to catch the sound of some one weeping, for she tried to say, "Like—as—a father—pi—" I went on, "pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him." Then she said, "Flora, Flora; I want—to—speak to Flora." Flora came close to her pillow, and bent down over her, but Jessie could not speak. Flora kissed her. The breathing became fainter and fainter, until it ceased. The hands of the clock pointed to a quarter to six, just the hour when I had so often wakened in the morning and seen her kneeling in prayer at our bedside. How often *at that hour* the cry had gone up—

"Nearer, my God, to thee,  
 Nearer to thee."

And now the longing desire of her soul was "satisfied," for she had "wakened up in his likeness," and those who behold her glory may be asking one of another, "Is not this she who sat and begged?"

*Extract from "The Divine Master."*

*Child.* "But, oh! what means this weakness, and this dim bewilderment! For I feel as if some mighty change were working in me. The former things are passed away, and behold all things are becoming new! I see no more the world and the glories of it, as they appear unto the eye of mortal man, but in a light so clear and awful! Surely it beameth from eternity itself! How vain and perishing hath that world become, thus suddenly unveiled to me!"

*Divine Master.* "Rise up, my child, my faithful one, and come away; for, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the shadows depart of thy mortal life, and the day is dawning that never shall fade. It is past, it is gone, the dark time of thy conflict and trial, . . . the time of the singing of angels is come for thee, and the voice of the seraphim is heard in that land. Thou hast wrestled with sin till the breaking of the day; thou hast toiled all night, but the morning is nigh. Arise up, then, my child, my faithful one, and come away; let us haste and be gone, for the dawn is bright on the everlasting hills."

*Child.* "Oh! my Lord, in the time past of my life there was a great strong wind that rent my soul, and brake in pieces all my hopes in this world; . . . but thou wert not in the wind, . . . and after the wind there was an earthquake; . . . all the fair things of earth I had sought to repose in gave way beneath my feet, and I knew of what dust they were made; . . . but thou wert not in the earthquake. . . . Then there was a fire, the scorching flame of suffering,

fierce and intense; . . . . . but thou wert not in the fire, . . . . and I still lived on, and now there is a still small voice." . . . .

*Divine Master.* "And I am here! Thy Master is come, and calleth for thee. . . . . My child, the day breaketh, and we must depart: the shadow of death is darkening on thy eyelids, and the radiance of earthly suns hath passed from them for ever; . . . . . But the hand that once opened the eyes of the blind is laid upon thine; and through thy soul, already trembling on the threshold of a new existence, the light of eternity is dawning, ere yet the silver cord that binds thy mortal life is altogether loosed. Look up. What seest thou?"

*Child.* "I see worlds floating in the infinite glory of God, like motes in the sunshine; I see the centuries falling into the ocean of eternity, swift as the rain drops in the summer."

*Divine Master.* "Look again. What seest thou?"

*Child.* "The word—the word is fulfilled. Mine eyes behold the King in his beauty. Oh God, THOU ART LOVE."

The following lines Jessie had copied into her extract book only a short time before the commencement of her illness:—

"Child of my love, lean hard,  
And let me feel the pressure of thy cares;  
I know thy burden, child; I shaped it,  
Poised it in mine own hand, made no proportion  
In its weight; to thine unaided strength,  
For even as I laid it on, I said,  
I shall be near, and while she leans on me  
This burden shall be mine, not hers.  
So shall I keep my child within the circling arms  
Of mine own love. Here lay it down, nor fear  
To impose it on a shoulder which upholds  
The government of worlds. Yet closer come,  
Thou art not near enough. I would embrace thy care,  
So I might feel my child reposing on my breast,  
Thou lovest *me*! I know it. Doubt not then,  
But loving *me*—lean hard."

"Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,  
Above the tempest, soft and clear,  
What still small accents greet thine ear ?  
      'Tis I, be not afraid.

"'Tis I who washed thy spirit white ;  
      'Tis I who gave thy blind eyes sight ;  
      'Tis I, thy Lord, thy life, thy light ;  
                  'Tis I, be not afraid.

"These raging winds, this surging sea,  
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee ;  
That storm has all been spent on me.  
      'Tis I, be not afraid.

"The bitter cup, I drank it first,  
For thee it is no draught accurst ;  
The hand that gives it thee is pierced.  
      'Tis I, be not afraid.

"Mine eyes are watching by thy bed ;  
Mine arms are underneath thy head ;  
My blessing is around thee shed.  
      'Tis I, be not afraid.

"When on the other side thy feet  
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,  
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet.  
      'Tis I, be not afraid.' "

The following is the *last* piece copied into her extract book :—

"THE UNNAMED WOMAN.

"He would not have the sullied name,  
Once fondly spoken in a home,  
A mark for strangers' righteous blame,  
Branded thro' every age to come.

“ And thus we only speak of them,  
 As those on whom his mercies meet,  
 ‘ She whom the Lord would not condemn,’  
 And ‘ she who bathed with tears his feet.’

“ Trusted to no evangelist,  
 First heard where sins no more defile,  
 Read from the Book of Life by Christ,  
 And consecrated by his smile.”

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As the object of inserting selections from Jessie's letters is not for the sake of any narrative they contain, names and dates are usually omitted.

Little has been said in the former pages of what might be called the ruling desire of her life, viz. to be useful, especially *spiritually* useful, to those with whom she was associated and connected.

Many of the hours she spent in prayer were devoted to intercession. It was not always, “ I will not let thee go except thou bless *me*,” but, “ Oh, bless ——;” the names cannot be written by human hand. Many she wrestled hard for, have now their names in the Book of Life; they will be known in that day when all secrets are revealed. Her happy face was never so radiant with joy as when, in answer to the petitions of months, in some cases of years, she heard at last, “ I have accepted thee concerning this one also.”

It has been thought unnecessary to say much on this subject, as the letters furnish all the illustration desired.

## LETTERS.

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### TO HER SISTER AT SCHOOL.

"THE battle you are now fighting will be very useful to you in after life, though now it seems hard. But indeed it is disheartening, when evening comes, to look back upon 'the scanty triumphs grace hath won:' 'The broken vow, the frequent fall.' Mr. Offord said something so beautiful upon that last evening, that I stored it up in my mind for you. The subject was Abraham going out to fight against all those kings, and then coming back and being met by Melchisedec with bread and wine. 'Just so it is with us; we have to go forth and fight against our spiritual foes—the world, the flesh and the devil; and then, when we retire in the evening, wearied with our difficult battle, Jesus, our Melchisedec, comes to meet us and gives us bread and wine—strength and cheering—which comfort our hearts.' Is not that a beautiful thought? Jesus, touched with a feeling of our infirmity, and longing to cheer us on our way. If we could only fully comprehend this, what a help it would be to us on our way."

### TO A FRIEND IN SCOTLAND.

"I had a nice letter from B. this morning. She is very anxious lest the temptations by which she is now surrounded should draw her heart away from Christ. It is a comfort to know that He is with her, and that 'none of them who trust in Him shall be desolate.' I also had a very nice letter from S., telling me about her teaching in the Sunday-



school. She is very anxious about it, and feels her own ignorance most deeply; but still she says she prays to God to help her to say what is right, and leaves it with Him. So you see, dear, we all have the same story to tell—you and I, and all the rest of us: we can only say, 'I am very weak and very full of sin;' and then Jesus comes and says, 'I am very strong, and my righteousness is for you—trust Me, lean on Me.' How happy we are when we can just look right away from ourselves and up to Him 'who loved us and gave Himself for us.'

"We are going through Matthew 18th, with the Sunday-school, and I came to such a helpful thought, copied in my note-book a long time ago. It is from Mr. Offord; I will copy it for you: 'The three reasons given in this chapter as to why no one should injure or despise the little ones, are very beautiful. 1st. Their angels do always behold the face of my Father; 2nd. For the Son of Man is come to seek and save that which was lost; 3rd. It is not the will of your Father in heaven that one of these little ones should perish. If ever we feel inclined to give way to despairing fears, let us think of these three things. Between us and the danger, are interposed the angels, the Saviour, and the will of our Heavenly Father.' Is not this a comforting thought when we are placed in dangerous positions, and feel fearful lest we should yield to temptation, and so grieve our loving Master?"

*"Lavington, September 10th, 1866.*

"MY DEAREST J—,

"You see I am here staying for a few days with A. B. and I joined the others here on Saturday. Mother and we five spent our Sunday here together—it was *so nice*. L. and J. rushed down the hill to meet us, and fell upon me so furiously, that we all three slipped down into a muddy ditch

by the roadside. L. and I have had many pleasant talks about what we have been doing and thinking since we parted. L.'s Sunday-school girls wrote her such nice letters, telling her about the children's sermon, and about their classes with mother and with me. It is a great encouragement to her to find they remember what they hear.

"In the afternoon A. and I went to the church to see a confirmation, at which A.'s sister was confirmed. The service was most solemn and beautiful, though there were some things with which I could not agree, and should not like to have to say. Over the communion table there was this text made in flowers and evergreens: 'You shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord God Almighty,' and above the text was a cross.

"We began by having the usual evening service, which was a nice preparation for the after service. One of the verses in the Psalms seemed to me so beautiful—'I will praise thy name, O Lord, for it is so comfortable.' Is not that true? I suppose you do not know anything about the confirmation service in the English church. I think the real meaning of it is, that you come forth before the world, and promise to devote your whole life to God, only, unfortunately, too many go through it just as a form, without thinking of the awful solemnity of what they are doing.

"After the prayer was over, we sang a hymn beginning—

"Oft in sorrow, oft in woe,  
Onward, Christian, onward go;"

and then the bishop gave a short address to those about to be confirmed. He said he thought he could not do better than speak to them about the verse over the altar; 'but then,' he said, 'how is it possible for you to stand in this relationship to God—to be his sons and daughters? Look a little higher and you will see. Above these words is

placed the cross, and as you gaze on it you learn that through Christ, through his death for you on the cross, you can become the sons and daughters of the Almighty God.' He spoke earnestly about this blessing coming only through the death of our Saviour, and they must trust simply in Him.

" Then those who were to be confirmed came up, a few at a time, and knelt at the communion table, and the bishop laid his hand on each of them and said, ' Defend, O Lord, this thy child, with thy heavenly grace, that he may continue thine for ever, and daily increase in thy Holy Spirit, more and more, until he come into thy everlasting kingdom.' Oh! J., I cannot think how any one can listen to that prayer, repeated so earnestly over them, and then go and live in the world and forget all about it. The bishop did not seem to weary of saying the same words ever so many times, and he seemed just like a father bringing his children to the Lord, and seeking to consecrate them to his service. He was like one who knew the fearful trials and temptations they would meet with in after life, and so pleaded with the Lord to keep his weak ones ever safe by his side.

" After the bishop had prayed over all of them, he gave them another address, telling them they would find it no easy matter to keep the vow which they had now made to the Lord, but He would never leave them. He also spoke to them about a verse in a hymn, which they had just sung, which imagined them as often in after life, when tried by sin and sorrow, remembering the hour—

" ' When trembling at the sacred rail,  
We hid our eyes and held our breath,  
Felt Thee how strong, our hearts—how frail—  
And longed to own Thee to the death.'

Then he spoke to them about the helps they must seek to have, in order to keep faithful to Jesus; such as prayer,

reading the Scriptures, and attending the Lord's Supper. After that we said the Lord's Prayer and two collects, and then came the blessing.

"The idea of the service is most beautiful. Those who have determined to come out on the Lord's side, and feel deeply their own weakness, standing up before the Church to promise to be the servant of Christ during their lives; while those who have long served Him, who have experienced the trials of the narrow way, plead that the Good Shepherd will deal tenderly with these weak ones, and lead them safely to His fold above. It is only the thought that there are those who go through the service as a mere form that takes from its joyfulness. Still it gives a sweet sense of the oneness of Christ's people, and those who are sincere may indeed derive from it much blessing.

"In the evening A. and I came to the last part of the 2nd chapter of 1st Peter, in our regular reading, where Jesus is called 'the Bishop of our souls;' and it seemed such a beautiful name, after what we had seen the bishop do in the afternoon. To think of Jesus as our Bishop, laying his hand on our heads, blessing us, praying that we may be kept from the evil which is in the world—does it not strengthen us for the conflict, to think of Him in this light?"

"You remember the subject of one of our late conversations—waste of time. I have been thinking of it in connection with that versé—'Fervent in spirit, serving the Lord.' It would help us very much to employ our time rightly if we remembered it was a talent committed to our charge by our Master. There surely ought to be a marked difference between the industry of Christ's followers and that of the world. When we think of our Master—our gracious, patient Master. If we remember his *great love*, we must be stirred up to serve Him.

“ Have you felt stronger lately ? I know how difficult it is to bear up and avoid feeling worried, when you are weak and tired, especially when there is a good deal of bustle going on. I met with a beautiful sentence in one of Rutherford’s letters the other day—‘ There are many heads on Christ’s bosom, but there is room for yours among the rest.’ Does not that speak of rest now, and a better rest by and by ? ”

“ I must just send you a sentence I met with in one of Mrs. Charles’s books the other day, and which I thought was a beautiful comparison. ‘ Whenever we feel anything very tender in human love, we should feel as if the blessed God were stretching out his arms to us through it, and saying, This is a little like the way I love thee, but only a little, only a little.’ ”

“ Indeed, dear S., you are quite right in thinking I shall not forget you. I never, never could do so. I shall always remember and pray for you ; no matter how long it may be before you write again, I shall know it is just because you are not able to do so. God has been good to us in letting us have so many happy times together. I often think of the precious times that you and J. and I enjoyed together ; and now, though we are so far separated, the same loving Father, *our* Father, is watching over each of us with infinite tenderness, and leading us forth by the right way to our everlasting home. However rough your way may be, Jesus knows best, and no earthly friend could sympathise with you so fully and tenderly as He does.”

“ I am afraid you will often feel very lonely, dear S., whilst you are away from so many that you love ; and has not Jesus special sympathy for lonely ones ? for He was lonely as none else ever can be. He speaks about his loneliness to his dis-

ciples, and then He says, 'And yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me.' And is not Jesus teaching you now to rest more and more just in his love to you—that wonderful, tender love, which is always with you, always brooding over you, and which remains the same, no matter how you change towards Him? Oh! this *changeless* love, how precious it is in the midst of all changes, which often sorely try us. Let us pray much for one another, dear S., that this love may be more and more the joy of our lives—that joy which no man taketh from us. I am sure I feel very much the need of dwelling more on this thought, for it certainly is one of my temptations to crave too earnestly for human love."

"I was looking at the almanac yesterday, and thinking how many changes have happened this year, especially to you—so many new joys—so many new sorrows. Is it not a comfort to remember that *our Father* is planning it all in infinite love and wisdom? Perhaps you were loving some of your friends too much, and so God has taken you away from them, that you may learn to cling to Him alone—to love Him best. It is difficult for us to know when we are making idols of other people. I recollect Mrs. Pennefather telling us that she wanted us to notice those words, '*Let us lay aside every weight.*' She said, 'We are to lay aside our weights ourselves. Oh! if Christians would only learn to do this, how much sorrow they would save themselves; but they do not. They go on clinging to their weights, and their steps grow more and more feeble, till at last God in tender mercy stretches forth the hand and removes the hindrance.' I have been thinking since you left, dear, that the too great love of earthly friends might have been a snare to you had you stayed here, for God has given you a disposition capable of loving much, and of craving for love in return. Jesus must be teaching you to rest more entirely in his love. I often think

we shall thank Him most by and by for those lessons which now seem the hardest to learn. I had a very nice letter from J. the other day, in which she speaks with deep thankfulness of her sufferings, both past and present. She is learning more and more to take it all as God's way of training her to be more like Him. Thinking of you and J. brings to my mind a passage in a book which I once read, comparing the Church to God's workshop, 'His jewel shop, where his jewels are polishing for his kingdom. They are to be his crown jewels, adorning the crown of the Redeemer; but while they are here below in the shop, He has many sharp tools for their filing and cutting, and they lie among these tools, and often have to come under their operation, and those which the King most esteems, and means to make the most resplendent, He hath oftenest his tools upon.' "

" I have thought a good deal about what you say of the difficulty of not wasting time; but have you not had an answer to prayer, in finding out what is your besetting sin? and will not Jesus still hear you and enable you to overcome it? I lately met with a passage in a book, which I liked very much. The book is a diary kept by a lady, who lived during the persecutions of Queen Mary's reign, and the piece which I liked is this: 'If God be God, then must I follow Him; and shall we even sorrow that we have gone forth to abide by Him? Nay, it cannot be so, for when He hath drawn us with his love, and heareth the noise of our footsteps following hard after Him, then doth He turn about full piteously, and with marvellous tender words comforteth our hearts, and lifteth us up when we are like to fall, keeping our feet fast from slipping, and right mercifully causeth us to walk even with Him.'

" Is not that a beautiful thought about Jesus turning when He hears our weak footsteps following after Him? 'He

knoweth thy walking through this great wilderness.' 'He knows our sins as well as our difficulties, and yet He has loved us and given himself for us.

"There is a verse of a hymn which often comes into my mind when I think of you, and of your weariness and the bustle around you. You know it well—

" 'Just as I am, tho' tossed about,  
With many a conflict, many a doubt,  
Fighting and fears within, without,  
Oh! Lamb of God, I come.'

Is not this the way to get *real rest*?

"You say it seems as though you did nothing for Jesus. But, dear J., though you may not have many opportunities of speaking for Him, yet you can always serve Him by praying for others, and by seeking to live so close to Him yourself, that others may take knowledge of you that you have been with Jesus. How joyfully we should do all our common every-day duties, if we fully realised that by doing them faithfully we served the Lord Christ. But I know it is very sweet to have opportunities of speaking of our precious Saviour to others—He is *such a Saviour*, and there are so few who *know* Him, and if He knows that you can serve Him best by speaking for Him, He will enable you to do so."

"I find, as you do, that it is a great responsibility to have the management of the little ones left to my charge. I want always to remember that they are my Saviour's children, and that enables me to love them and be patient with them. I do pray that God will draw them all to himself."

"S. is able to come into the school now, and keeps up pretty well on the whole, though she has a bad cold now, but she is so patient and uncomplaining. She and I have been together



a good deal lately. We always get a nice little time together before breakfast on Sunday mornings, for praying over the work of the day ; and then in the evening we generally get a little time for telling each other how we have got on. I like Sunday evening so much, everything seems so beautifully calm and peaceful, and it is so nice to rest quietly and think over the words we have heard, and the help we have received during the day—‘so tired and so happy.’ I do wish you could see C. now. It would do your heart good. She is always watching to help somebody out of her difficulties, and some of the younger ones cling to her like a mother. Of course she has still difficulties in herself to contend with, but she struggles bravely against each besetting sin, and she does lean on the Rock which is higher than she is. Her face looks quite peaceful, and when we were talking last Sunday, she said, ‘It is so nice to be happy.’ I had a little note from her mother the other day, and she says, ‘In the midst of some darkness and difficulties, my dear girl is shedding a light upon my path, or rather, I should say, she is the medium through which the light comes.’ Is it not happy to think of that dear mother’s long years of earnest prayer being answered at last ? Surely we might trust more confidently in Him who has wrought this great change. I find it a great help in praying for others to think of dear C. Poor S. is not happy yet. She gets quite despairing sometimes, as though her prayers never would be answered. All the beautiful words which have comforted so many broken hearts, seem just to pass over her without sinking in at all. Do you remember that bit in the ‘*Two Vocations*’ about Annie’s getting almost into despair about Kate, when her prayers were not answered for such a long time ? and yet the blessing was coming, though she did not know it. Is it not often so with us ? our despondency is deepest when help is nearest. We seem forgotten, and all the while God is bowing down his

ear and listening, and He who has entered within the veil for us is pleading, and the angels are rejoicing, and the Spirit descending, and the soul swelling into life." . . . .

"Surely it cannot be long before our prayers for some here are answered. Sometimes I am afraid lest I should hinder blessing to others, by thinking of myself and my helping them, instead of always feeling that I am nothing, and that Christ is all in all. I have been thinking much lately about these words, 'I am his.' It is so sweet, in the midst of great sinfulness and weakness, just to look up and cling to Jesus; to hear Him say, 'I have taken hold of thy hand, and I will not let it go,' which, I believe, is the literal translation of those words, 'I will never leave thee, nor forsake thee.'

"I am writing from my bedroom. The view from the window is *so pretty*, I should like to sit and watch it all day long. The near fields are all golden with buttercups, and the hedges white with May. It is impossible to help feeling bright and joyous on these beautiful sunny days, and it is a pity we are ever considered too old to sing about the spring as we used when we were children.

" 'I jump, and scarce know what to do,  
I feel so very glad.' "

" *January 22nd, 1857.*

" MY DEAREST J——,

"At last I am beginning a letter to you. I have been wanting to write to you for ever so long, but we have been very busy. However, now I have a cold, which prevents me from going out, so it is a good opportunity for letter-writing, excepting that my poor head feels intensely stupid. I wanted you so much to come and talk to me while I was in bed. Last night, while I was lying watching the fire-light

dancing about the room, I was thinking about a little talk we had together last Christmas when I was in bed. Do you remember we were speaking of the Good Shepherd always going after any lost sheep that we are seeking after, 'workers together with God;' and we spoke of L. M. And now Jesus has brought her home, and I am sure He has answers in store for our prayers this year.

"I was so glad to hear all about you from your last letter, and that you are helped to fight against those sins which do most easily beset you. I am, however, afraid that you must have found it particularly difficult of late, as I know, by your letter to L., that you have not been feeling well. It is very hard to do little every-day duties faithfully and cheerfully, when you feel weary and sick. I suppose the only thing to be done is to rest on the promise, 'My grace is sufficient for thee.' But still it is not waste of time to rest and do nothing for a little while when you are very tired, and I often think God sends us these times of weakness on purpose, that we should have leisure for holding communion with Him. When we are well, there is so much to be done, and so much bustle around us, that it is difficult to get quiet time for looking in, and for looking up, and yet such time is very necessary; for if we would run our race with patience, we must often take long, long looks at Jesus. The hardest time of all is when we are not ill enough to give up work, and yet not well enough to be able to enjoy work. 'Jesus, therefore, being wearied with his journey.' Are not these comforting words? 'He is touched with the feelings of our infirmities.' I do pray that He will be very near to you, J. dear, and make you feel the joy of his presence.

"I have a great deal of work planned out for the next few months. Mr. S. has asked me to visit the alms-houses opposite to us, and then I have L.'s class while she is away at Bath, and I do want to be a more true friend to the girls. I am

so desperately selfish ; I am continually thinking about getting them to love me, instead of longing that they should love Jesus. Oh I do want to live more entirely for Him ; to be ever longing to bring some souls to Him ; to be comforting his own children, and to have for my motive, not a mere cold sense of duty, but the love of Christ. Sometimes when I look at my cold heart, my little love for his Word and for prayer, I feel inclined to despair ; but there is one verse which often comforts me, ' God hath chosen the base things of this world.' I am, indeed, a base thing, for I have so many mercies and so little love, but still God can use even a base thing for his service. May He be glorified even in me. I do believe we shall have blessing during the coming year, for He is faithful who has promised.

" I fear you must have had a good deal of trial lately in seeing Mrs. R. so unwell, and not feeling strong yourself. It is so difficult not to be in despair about everything when we feel tired ourselves, and it so hard to be submissive when we see those we love suffering. But then Jesus is always near to comfort if we will but turn to Him. I recollect reading this sentence in one of Mrs. Charles's books—' God was with her, not *sending* this trial, but *bringing* it to her, and she bowed her soul to receive and welcome Him.' "

" *December 29th, 1866.*

" Do you not think that it is sometimes more difficult to see that the smaller trials are sent to us in love than the greater ones. But still it is a ' wounded hand that lays us low.' I did so want to have a nice long talk with you about the things which have happened to us during the past year, ' the way in which we have been led,' but still we can go together to our Father and talk with Him about it.

" And I am sure we have reason to bless Him for his great goodness to us. He has answered so many of our prayers ;

and though some are as yet unanswered, He would have us to trust Him to do what is best for us. I always like so much to read over the 8th of Deuteronomy at the end of the year. It expresses so simply and beautifully all God's dealings with us during the past, and then come those glorious, comforting words, 'For the Lord thy God bringeth thee into a good land.' We both know the meaning of those words—'He suffered thee to hunger,' but then, too, our loving God has taught us also the meaning of the next clause of the verse, 'He fed thee with manna which thou knewest not.'

'We can say, 'My God shall supply all your need according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' I have been reading a book lately which I like very much. It is the 'History of Cornelius Cayley,' and was written about a hundred years ago. The author gives an account of his great joy for some time after his conversion, joy so intense that he could hardly sleep at night for thinking of the love of Christ. But after a while the joy passed away, and he could no longer rejoice in reading the Scriptures, or in prayer, or in hearing sermons, and he began to be much cast down, and to fear that perhaps after all he was not a Christian. But then it came into his mind that he had been resting upon his own joy, instead of resting solely upon Christ; he saw that his own feelings would change continually, and his joy had now been taken away, so that he might learn not to rest on a happy feeling, but on 'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever.' He learned to rejoice *in the Lord* always, though often very weary of himself. 'Since then,' he says, 'I have had many conversations with Christians who have learned to do this, and I have found that the theme of their joy was not their frames, but Christ Jesus their Lord.' And he says, too, that he had often noticed since then, that He who carries the Lambs in his bosom is specially gracious to the little ones in his fold, and gives them great joy in his

love, but this joy was not to be compared with the calm peace of after years when they had learned to trust in Christ, even when they could not feel his love. And I have been thinking that these words give me the key to many of my own doubts and fears. It is just because I so often look in and expect to find joy and peace there, instead of looking up to the face of Jesus Christ, and reading there his changeless, faithful love. Shall we not pray that during this next year we may be enabled to look unto Jesus, and so to run our race with patience.

“ It must be difficult to get quiet time for reading your Bible when you have so many interruptions, and yet it is so all-important, for if we neglect to feed our souls with the Word which God has given us for their support we cannot expect to grow spiritually. I always find that the only way is just to watch eagerly for opportunities; it is impossible to get the same time every day, as it always depends upon other people’s movements. And I think we ought to pray specially that we may be made to love God’s word more. I often feel the 119th Psalm to be a great reproof to me.

“ I wish you had been with us on Sunday. L. came down stairs for the first time since we came home; and as she could not see to read herself, I read her a chapter in one of her favourite books called, ‘ Symbols of Christ.’ The title of the chapter was ‘ The Advocate in the Court of Mercy,’ and it was so beautiful. I will give you a few sentences from it:—

“ ‘ On God’s part, all things are ready, the apparatus of help is complete, the court is open, and the Pleader is waiting; but the whole machinery of mercy stands still until you use it, and Christ is silent until you invoke Him. He longs after you: He is listening for you; and whether your call to Him be loud as the shout that ascends from a sinking wreck, or low as the whisper that faints over dying lips, or secret as the voiceless language of the soul, it will be distinct to his

ear amidst all the hallelujahs that thunder round his throne; and at the moment of your first appeal, will bring Him to your side as a kind and faithful Pleader. Christ knows the worst of us; and guilty as we are in our own estimation, we are guiltier far in his, and yet, 'He loved us and gave himself for us!' He is a Pleader who will only speak for the speechless—only save the utterly undone. All the power of Omnipotence waits on the weakest Christian's prayer, 'Lord, make me holy.'

"Do you not like these thoughts? But I think the best of all is, that they are not only beautiful, but *true*, that Jesus is even now pleading for you and for me. It does seem wonderful when we look in and see how wicked we are, but still it is true."

*"September 7th, 1866."*

[Written on her return from visiting friends in Scotland.]

Speaking of a dear friend whom she met there, she says:—

"I used to enjoy having a walk with her sometimes, for no matter what subject we started upon, she soon began to speak about the Lord Jesus, and it was better than reading any 'Aids to Faith' to listen to her; because you could feel that though she was often sorely tried, she had taken refuge in the eternal God, and so had peace in the midst of tribulation. I used always to come in feeling that I had learned a lesson. . . ."

"I often think of something which Mrs. P. said at one of the Bible-readings. They were talking about our so continually looking at our difficulties instead of looking up at God, and Mrs. P. said, 'We are just like Moses;' he was dismayed when God told him that the people should have flesh to eat, and enquired if all the flocks and herds were to be slain, and God just asked Him that simple question, which

must have reproved him more deeply than any harsh words :  
 'Is the Lord's hand waxed short?' . . . .

" We have begun to read Mrs. Ellis's new book, 'The Beautiful in Nature and in Art.' Mrs. E. does not think it waste of time to sit idle for ever so long, just admiring a beautiful view, because she says it does your heart good to observe the beautiful in nature; and I am so glad, because I think it is delicious to sit in a kind of dreamy way for hours looking at the sea or some lovely country view. . . . .

" When I returned home I found everything in great confusion, as the workmen had not nearly finished; but still it was so nice to get under mother's wing again, and the singing at the Friday night lecture seemed really beautiful. We had 'Nearer, my God, to Thee;' and the people sang it as if they meant it; so different from the dreary, unmoved way in which they sing in Scotland. The sermon on Sunday was from the text, 'Thy kingdom come;' and in speaking about God's managing everything, Mr. S. said, 'The streams of God's grace turn the wheels of God's providence.' Is not that a nice thought?

" Mother and I joined B. at Bath, about a week ago, and have been enjoying the quiet life very much. One of our greatest treats is going to see Mrs. Sewell; it is so delightful to sit by and listen to mother and Mrs. Sewell talking together. It makes you feel that life is not a time for rest and idleness, but a precious opportunity for trying to rescue some poor creatures from the fearful temptations by which they are surrounded. Have you seen Mrs. S.'s new book, 'The Rose of Cheriton'? She says no one can tell what it has cost her to write it; it opened her eyes to see some of the depths of sin and misery in this world, and made her heart burn to remove this fearful curse of drunkenness from the land. Oh, I do hope that people will be moved by her words to try and find some means of checking it. What a strange, sad world



this is! Is it not a comfort to turn away from all its confusion and din to such a verse as this—‘My beloved is mine, and I am his?’ There is no confusion here, but an assurance of peace and safety for ever. . . .

“Sometimes bodily weakness helps to make us happy, for it is so sweet just to sink down in utter helplessness on the finished work of Christ; but oftener it makes us sick of ourselves and everything else. But we must not expect constant joy and peace. Do you recollect what Mr. S. said once about God’s sometimes hiding his face providentially from us? He was speaking on Is. l. 10, and he said, ‘Here we read of one who feared the Lord, and yet he was walking in darkness. What was he to do?’—“Let him trust in the name of the Lord and stay upon his God.” God never forgets us, He carries us always on his heart. His everlasting arms are always underneath us, and so we cannot sink.’ And then is it not a help to contrast our light affliction with our Saviour’s overwhelming agony, to compare our slight wounds with those stripes by which we are healed? When we really get to the foot of the Cross, and learn there what sorrow means, our burdens roll off, as Christian’s did. And then do you recollect Mr. S. saying—‘Christ became a man of sorrows that He might become a man of compassions?’ Is it not wonderful to think that he desires and commands us to cast all our care on Him, even the smallest? How much happier we should be if we could do this more constantly.”

*“Feb. 24th, 1866.*

“After you went away I felt very wretched for some time, because I knew you were going where you would have so many difficulties, and that you would miss all the helps which you have been accustomed to have; and I was afraid lest you should feel discouraged because of the way; but then I remembered that it is God himself who is with you—that it

is his arm, and not any outward help, that can shield you from evil—that Jesus prayed for you in John xvii. 11, 15, and 24—that 1 Cor. x. 13 was meant for you; and it seemed as though Jesus said, ‘Cannot you trust her with me?’ And now I can trust Him for you in everything. He cares for you, loves you, and will lead you very tenderly through this rough world to our home above. It is such a comfort when I begin to long to fly to you and have one of our nice times together, to be able to go to our Father, and to feel that He ‘will supply all your need.’ . . .

“ ‘He is faithful that promised,’ and so we must just obey, Phil. iv. 6; and I think you and I both know that when we do that the seventh verse of that chapter is sure to be fulfilled.

What a comfort it is to think of Jesus as our *Friend*, the one to whom we can pour out all our hearts, who is never weary of listening to our cry, and who loves to feel us leaning, all weak and weary, upon Him. Oh, He does care for us—let us cast all our care upon Him. He longs to take it all, and not to let us bear any of it ourselves.”

“ *May 1st, 1866.*

“It does help to increase our love to our Saviour to see how very happy He makes even the weakest who trusts in Him.” . . .

“ *January 2nd, 1867.*

“I suppose it is very cold with you now; we are quite snowed in, and the garden looks most lovely under its soft white covering. Just before the snow came we were all reading a little book called ‘Whiter than Snow.’ It is about a little girl who had lost her mother, and who remembered one day, as she was watching the snow fall, having heard her grandmother speak of something which was whiter than

snow, and she goes to an old man who has been kind to her, and asks him what it can be. He does not know, and thinks that nothing can be whiter than snow; but at last she meets with some one who tells her that the heart which is washed in the blood of Jesus is whiter than snow, and so she learns to love her Saviour. . . .

“ On New Year’s morning we met in the church and took the Lord’s Supper. It was such a blessed beginning to another year of conflict, to remember our Saviour’s dying love, and put ourselves into his hand. I mean to take for my motto this year, ‘Wholly given unto me,’ and to seek God’s help to devote myself entirely to his service. . . .

“ Do you not think that one of your chief mercies during the past year is, that God has shown you where you are most likely to fall into temptation, so that now you know where you must be most watchful? . . .

“ It is false humility to say that we cannot do anything, for God has given to each of us talents which He intends us to use for his glory. When we say ‘I can do nothing, I am so useless,’ we are not humble, we are robbing God of his glory. We are virtually saying that our wise Creator, who has given certain talents to each one of us, has forgotten to give us our share, thus accusing Him of injustice. I was reading a beautiful bit in ‘Mary, the handmaid of the Lord,’ about humility the other day. It was this: ‘True humility refuses no gift from above, shrinks from no appointed office, whether on a throne or in an hospital.’ Then speaking of Mary’s answer to the angel, when he told her of the honour which was to be put upon her, ‘Behold the Handmaid of the Lord, be it unto me according to thy word,’ the book continues: ‘There is no disclaiming of God’s gifts, no doubting of his promise, no shrinking from that burden of honour.’ She did not say with Moses, ‘Oh, my Lord, send, I pray Thee, by the hand of him whom Thou wilt

send!' or with Jeremiah, 'Oh, my Lord, I am but a child!' She knew it all; knew that she was poor, and of low degree; not merely a little below this honour, but altogether and infinitely beneath it. Her whole song shows this; but she knew also that with God no miracle of power or grace is impossible.

"I do not think that I ever understood so clearly before what is meant by true humility. I see now that a very humble person may still say, 'I can do all things *through Christ which strengtheneth me.*' And I see that often when I have thought myself humble, I have just been looking at my own weakness, instead of trusting to the strength of my Almighty Saviour. . . . .

"It is indeed a comforting thought that there is special blessing promised to two who agree to pray together—'It shall be done unto you.'

"I am quite sure that He is a friend, who draws nearer to us when we are tried. Earthly friends may forsake us, but He will never leave—no, never forsake us. When the fire was so hot that the Babylonians were burnt, Jesus walked with his servants through it. I have often been struck at finding the words 'Fear not' occur so often in the Scriptures; it seems as though our Lord were trying to encourage our weak faith, and begging us to see that He is strong enough to bear us safely through this dangerous world to our home above. Oh, it is a blessed thing to learn our own weakness, and at the same time his strength! I often think of the following sentence from D'Aubigné's History: 'There is a moment in the history of the heroes of this world which decides their career and their renown; it is that in which their strength is suddenly revealed to them.' An analogous moment exists in the life of God's heroes, but it is in a contrary direction; it is that in which

they first recognise their helplessness and nothingness; from that hour they receive strength from on high."

*" July 26th, 1867.*

"I was thinking the other day that the disciples were some time *with* Jesus before He sent them forth to work for Him, and the waiting was just as important as the working. And so I have no doubt that God has been answering your prayers, only you thought the answer would come in a different way, and so you have not seen it. I have just been making the same mistake. I have been praying for a particular thing for months past, and fancying that the answer was being delayed for a weary while, but I think I see now that God has been answering me, only I had been expecting that the answer would come in quite a different way; we are so apt to forget that 'His thoughts are not as our thoughts.'

"Then, as you say, the great hindrance to work is the want of the love of Jesus; and can we not best overcome this hindrance by the quiet and prayerful consideration of his love to us? I often think that Jesus might well say to us, 'Is it nothing to you, all ye that pass by?' When we think of his suffering life, of that reproach which broke his heart, of the hiding of his Father's face, and then remember 'this was all for me,' should it not make our hearts burn to serve such a Saviour? Perhaps the work may not come in very fully just at first, but it will come if you pray and watch for it. . . . It is so nice to think that we can go to one Father, and work in one vineyard, and cling to one Saviour. Mr. S. was speaking at our last class of the jewels which represented the children of Israel being set deep down into golden onches on the priest's shoulder; and so he said it was with God's children; they are set deep down into Christ, the Father looks upon them there, and nothing can pluck them away.

"I am glad you had a little change at Christmas, for you must have needed it. Teaching is really hard work; but still, as my mother often says, it is work which is connected with special blessing. Sometimes I am tempted to think that teaching writing, reading, &c., is not such noble work after all; but then I remember that in doing so I am giving a power to the little ones, which they may afterwards use in the service of God. There are, too, many opportunities, while so engaged, of speaking for Jesus, both in our words and in our lives. It would help us so much if we could always remember that the children we teach are precious to Him: He loves them, and has given them into our charge, and says, 'Feed my lambs'; and though it often seems as if all our efforts were useless, we know it is not really so—as Mr. S. said, some time ago, It is not written, 'Blessed are ye that reap beside all waters,' but 'Blessed are ye that sow beside all waters.'

"Let us earnestly desire the real conversion of every child who is brought under our influence, and encourage ourselves with the promise, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do.'

"I like your motto for this year. It is a blessed thing to be enabled to realise the presence of God. I have taken for my motto, four words which God addressed to the Levites: 'Wholly given unto me.' I do want to give myself more entirely to Him. It seems so wonderful that He should love me, when I am so sinful; but yet I cannot doubt it, when I think of all the way in which He has led me. I can never, never thank Him as I ought, but I want to praise Him by giving my whole life entirely to Him.

"I have been thinking a good deal about the questions you have asked me; the use of those long lists of names in Scripture has often puzzled me. A short time ago I heard it remarked that probably these names were of great use at the

time they were written, in settling disputes about land and property. Perhaps they will be useful again when the Jews are gathered back to their own land, in deciding what portions belong to the different families.

“ Then, as to 2 Cor. xv. 27, it seems to me that it must mean that Christ has had all things put under his feet, for that chapter is just an argument to prove that Christ has overcome death. Verse 28 shows clearly that all things are put under Christ. Hebrews ii. 8 to 15 is helpful in understanding this subject. It is difficult to believe that all things are under Christ; we should rather have expected to find it written, that they *will be* under Him, because now we see so much rebellion against Him in the world. That chapter in Hebrews enters into the difficulty, first telling us that ‘all things are put under Him,’ and then, that ‘we see not yet all things put under Him?’ so we must just take it because God says it, and believe that some day we shall see what now can only be grasped by faith. The most practical use we can make of the subject for ourselves is to seek to submit ourselves wholly to Christ *now*, ‘bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ.’ There is one verse I like to think of when I remember how difficult it is to obey this command: ‘He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself.’

“ I find it difficult to make up my mind about the questions which you ask me, as to whether we may expect an answer to a prayer which we had asked in faith, but which afterwards we cannot believe will be granted. I think it must depend very much upon the nature of the request; if it was for some temporal blessing, and the answer is withheld, probably it may not be granted because it would not be good for us to have it, and we must pray that we may have the spirit of the poor invalid girl who said, ‘I prayed long that the Lord would bring my circumstances more to my mind, but He has done far more than that for me: He has brought my mind

to my circumstances.' Though God does grant even temporal blessings sometimes in spite of our want of faith. You remember when Peter was freed from prison in answer to the prayers of disciples, though their amazement in seeing him, showed that they were not expecting an immediate answer to their prayer.

"But as to a spiritual blessing, such as the conversion of a friend, or an increase of faith and love in ourselves, I think the answer will be sure to come, if we really have asked in faith, notwithstanding the doubts and fears which afterwards fill our minds.

"I recollect becoming much concerned about one of my friends, and praying that she might be brought to God. Sometimes I prayed in faith, feeling sure that God would answer, and then again the long delay disheartened me, and I often doubted instead of believing; this went on for about a year, till at last, when I had almost given up talking to her, though I still continued to pray, the answer came, and she told me that she loved Jesus, and I shall never forget the joy of that time, and of seeing her set to work earnestly for her Saviour. This reminds me of Peter walking on the sea—his faith utterly failed, and yet his prayer was granted, for he did 'come to Jesus,' though he would have sunk had it not been for the loving hand stretched out to him. Still I feel that answer to prayer is a difficult subject, and one upon which we need all the light that we can possibly get. One practical lesson we may at least gain from it, we must come more constantly to our Father and say, 'Lord, increase our faith.' . . .

"I asked Mr. S. your question about faith, and I will now send you his answer. He said, 'If we have asked in faith and then grow faithless, though we are still sure that it would be good for us to have an answer to our prayer, we have no right to look for an answer while we are faithless, but we



must come to God, and ask Him to restore us to our first faith.' Some one asked him, 'How can we get faith if we have none, must we not ask in faith before we can receive?'

"Mr. S. said, 'Yes, but we show our faith by asking for it. If we had no faith at all, we should not come at all. It may be very weak, but if we come to God, it must be there, and then if we say, "Lord increase our faith," He will do so.' Was it not a nice answer? I had never thought before that just going to God is faith. And that reminds me of something which Mr. D. said yesterday. He was speaking about our so often looking at our faith instead of looking at Jesus, and he said, 'We cannot look at our eyes, but we use them for looking at some object before us; and so it should be with our faith, we should not be trying continually to look at it, but we should use it, in looking entirely to Jesus.' . . .

"I am quite sure that it is much more difficult to live near to God all day long, than it is to take classes successfully, or to do any public work—'To me to *live* is Christ.' Oh that we may so live that others may see that this is our motto."

*"Nov. 11th, 1867.*

"I am glad that you have come to the Lord's Table. Jesus seems to be specially in our midst when we seek to remember Him. Of course it is a great additional responsibility, for then we come out before the world as those who are on the Lord's side, and we must bring either glory or shame to his cause; but we are not left alone in our difficulties, for the same act that increases our responsibility, also brings before us the sweet thought that there is One who has loved us enough to die for us, and who will succour his tempted ones, even to the end. The duty and the comfort are beautifully connected in 2 Cor. vii. 17, 18. We are told to come out and be separate, and then immediately after we read,—

‘I will be a Father unto you.’ . . . I do think that if you feel you have an opportunity for speaking to any one, you certainly ought to use it, and I do not think that we can expect answers to our prayers for our friends, if we neglect plain opportunities of speaking to them, for, perhaps, these very opportunities may be the answer to our prayers. But there is nothing that needs more heavenly wisdom than speaking to people. The chief thing is to get our own hearts very full of Christ-like love—to long after souls with something of the same earnestness that He has, who ‘goeth after that which is lost *until* He find it.’ Then out of the abundance of the heart the mouth will speak. We may be quite sure that, whenever we are anxious about any one, the heart of Jesus is full of pitiful love towards that one, and perhaps He has put that anxiety into our hearts, that we may be prepared to take his own messages to the wandering one. Oh ! it has often been such a comfort to me, in seeking after the soul of a friend, to remember that Jesus was seeking also, only much more earnestly than I was. I could only speak and pray ; but Jesus died for her. I think you will find 1 Cor. i. 27-31 and Jeremiah i. 6-9 comforting passages in connection with this subject.”

“ *Dec. 6th, 1867.*

“ I will just send you a little bit from one of Rutherford’s letters which has often been a help to me :—

“ ‘ I would be loth to put you off your fears and your sense of deadness (I wish it were more) ; there are some wounds whose bleeding should not be too soon stopped. You must take a house beside the Physician ; it shall be a miracle if you be the first man put away uncured and worse than He found you. Nay, nay, Christ is honest, and in this freely argueth with sinners, “ He that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.” Take that, it cannot be presumption to take

that as your own, when you find your wounds pain you. Presumption is ever whole at the heart, and hath but the truant sickness, and groaneth only for the fashion. Faith hath sense of sickness, looketh like a friend to the promises, and looking to Jesus therein is glad to see a known face.'

"Is not that a nice thought about taking a house beside the Physician? I have many times been troubled at the thought of my exceeding sinfulness. I seemed to grow worse instead of better, and doubted whether I could be really a Christian. I think the only thing one can do at such a time is to take the whole matter and cast it before Him who careth for us, and then He will show us that He has laid our sins on Jesus. I recollect once being much comforted by that verse of the hymn:—

" 'When Satan by my sins made bold,  
Strives from Thy cross to loose my hold,  
Then with Thy pitying arms enfold  
And plead, oh plead for me.

"I do entirely sympathise with you, dear A., in what you say about little difficulties—they so continually overcome us; but then, as you say, through Jesus we can gain the victory. Is it not wonderful to think how lovingly He watches over us? Mr. D. said, a few Sundays ago, 'Sometimes a great temptation assails you—perhaps you stagger, you fall, but not beyond your knees, and then you have pardon with God and prevail.'

"But I do feel so ashamed to have to come back over and over again, and confess just the same sin, and it seems such wonderful love in Him to be willing to pardon over and over again. I remember Mr. B. saying, a little while ago, that the very kindest heart would get worn out at last, and would say, 'Well, I can pardon two or three times even for the same offence, but when I have to do it every day, I cannot

stand it.' But the heart of Jesus never gets worn out. He taught Peter this when He said, '*I say not unto you, until seven times, but until seventy times seven. I never forgive you only seven times, but seventy times seven.*'

"I like so much what you told me about the death of that young girl. It is always an encouragement to hear of a happy death. I met with something about death the other day, which I think you will like. It is spoken by a dying girl, and she says, '*When I was a child I saw a bee sting my mother, and I was frightened lest it should come and sting me, but my mother smiled and said, "You need not be afraid, Mary, for the bee has left its sting in my foot, it cannot sting you, or any one again."*' I have been thinking it is just so with death—he left his sting in Christ our Saviour, and so he cannot sting me now, or any of his people."

"You mention your want of real sorrow for sin. Oh, how often do I feel this; and then, as you say, there comes the doubt, '*Can a child of God hate sin so little?*' But I do not think that unconverted people can hate sin even a little. They may grieve for its consequences, but not for the sin itself. We cannot fear to grieve one whom we do not know, but oh, we must strive to hate it more and more, as being that which crucified our Saviour."

*"April 22nd, 1868.*

"Two promises came into my mind when I was thinking about you the other day: '*Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness, for they shall be filled,*' and '*They that seek the Lord shall not want any good thing.*'

"Then there is a verse in one of Dr. Watts's hymns which has often helped me in times of doubt and fear. Mr. O. told me once, that when Dr. Doddridge was very weak and suffer-

ing, he used constantly to walk up and down his study, saying these words,—

“ ‘ A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,  
On Thy kind arms I fall,  
Be Thou my Strength and Righteousness,  
My Jesus, and my All.’ ”

“ I often feel what you say, about its being so base to go to Jesus just when we are in trouble, when we forget Him too often at other times. But is not this because we are trying to measure his forgiving love by ours, while all the time He is longing for us to come and learn, even by the depth of our sinfulness, the depth of his love? Of course we ought to examine ourselves, but then instead of being utterly cast down by the number and greatness of our sins, we should take them at once to Him who forgiveth all our iniquity. Let us pray that during the coming year we may be enabled to dwell more upon what He is, than upon what we are.”

“ *October 13th, 1868.* ”

“ I was glad to hear that you have the children to teach every day; it is so nice both for you and for them. But do you not find more and more the truth of that verse, ‘ Ye have need of patience ’? It is so difficult to be patient with the children when they will make the same mistakes, day after day, and there is so little visible progress. I think the greatest help is to remember how patiently God teaches us when we are so slow to learn his lessons. He does not give us up in despair, but speaks to us over and over again. I am now teaching two little children, and it is hard work sometimes. And sometimes when I have been having long talks with others about their various perplexities, I find it very difficult not to have my mind filled with their affairs, and to enter heartily into the making of round ‘ o’s ’ and the spelling of little words. But I find that verse a great help

to me at such times, 'He that is faithful in that which is least, is faithful also in much.'

"And though it seems to be higher work to go and teach poor people about Jesus, yet still somebody must teach the little children to read and write, and certainly the highest obedience must be to do what God has given us to do. And how thankful we should be that God has given us this work to do for Him."

Many letters were received from kind friends during the few weeks which succeeded the death of our dear child. These letters were full of kindness and sympathy, and of words which showed how greatly her character had been appreciated, even by those who had known comparatively little of her. *The number* of these letters precluded the possibility of answering them, but it is pleasant to take this opportunity of saying, that like all other acts of kindness which come from the heart, they went to the heart, and will long be remembered with gratitude and affection.

One letter we have selected from the rest, and have obtained the writer's consent to its publication. Jessie's great love and appreciation for our dear friend, Mrs. Sewell, make us feel that the loving words of this letter form a fitting conclusion to this narrative :—

*"Norwich, January 31st, 1869.*

"MY DEARLY LOVED FRIEND,

"My heart has been very sad for you to-day, since the morning's post brought me the heavy tidings of your loss, and amidst many anxieties of my own, I am keeping company with you in sorrow, looking up to our Father to help us both, and assured that He will do so. I can yet scarcely believe that your sweet Jessie has left you—she

seemed so like one to whom the Heavenly Shepherd had entrusted the gathering of lambs into his fold, for many years to come—and she has already finished her work in this rough world, and is gone where her works do follow her; and again we say, mysterious! To me her fair fruitful young life and undimmed light appear peculiarly lovely; and I have been thinking to-day of her simple earnest walk, which bore a constant evidence to all who knew her, that religion is a lovely and a happy thing, and that Jesus is sufficient for life and for death.

“I well remember the impression left on me by her last visit to us—it was the unusual harmony and sweet balance of her character; she seemed to me like a vigorous young plant that had grown from a good seed, with the sun and the rain and the wind and the dew always around and upon it—nothing seemed to project too far—nothing to recede too much; there was something specially beautiful in her youthful maturity, and wise simplicity, and in the cheerful hopefulness which spoke in her voice and beamed in her face. One might have thought that she always kept in sunlight before her the animating prospect, that the desert should blossom abundantly, and the earth rejoice with singing, and in that joyful faith kept diligently sowing the seed, and spreading the truth, which, in the hand and time of the Divine Master, would tend to bring it to pass. She could bear patiently to watch and wait by the side of many a frost-bound heart, because she believed that a spring time would come, when the winter would be over and gone. Underlying her unassuming cheerfulness, one could not be unconscious of a strong earnest purpose running through her whole nature—the heart, mind, and spirit were all at one; there was no mere spasmodic life, but a steady, happy, loving movement forward. Dear child! how blessed it is to think of a life so spent and so ended—she is gone out of sight, but her example, her living testi-

mony will live and spread, and deepen, perhaps, more by her leaving than staying with us. But oh, dear friend, I know that your own heart must be sorely wounded, and aching with the great gap she has left—she has taken away so much joy with her, so much help, so much comfort, and dependence, and the home must seem very naked without her,—but I know this, there is One who will not forget you in this time of casting down—it is his old way of refining his children for the unspeakable joy. And then, dear friend, you see now that your old fears, lest any of your plans for helping others should prove a hindrance at home, have not been realised—the doing of the one was really a doing of the other, and many will rejoice in this evidence, that so long as we carry the sympathies of our children with us into our work, nothing we do from love to Christ, and from love to the world for which He has laid down his life, will ever be permitted to prove a hindrance; rather it will be seen to be the highest good we can confer upon our children.

“I cannot write more in the way of consolation, *that* must come direct from the God of all comfort. We poor pilgrims can but weep with one another, and say, Cheer up, be of good courage. He has housed one of thy lambs with his spotless flock; He has taken one of thy lilies out of thy garden for his own; He is coming shortly to take us all to dwell with Him. Let us forget our sorrow, and finish our work, and sing a little praise by the way, and be ready to meet Him.

“I know you will have many letters; I will therefore add no more, than the united utterance of our loving sympathy with you, and our remembrance of you at the mercy seat.

“Your faithful, loving friend,

“MARY SEWELL.”



**SMITH AND EBBS, TOWER HILL,  
LONDON.**











